

Win Christmas presents from the stars

# PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY 25¢

Debbie answers  
her daughter's question:

**WON'T  
ADDY  
BE WITH US  
ALL  
THE TIME?**

page 50



MRS. C. SLOSBERG 081  
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P 28/EB BY R A



# NEW...

revives hair  
surely as  
moisture  
refreshes  
a flower

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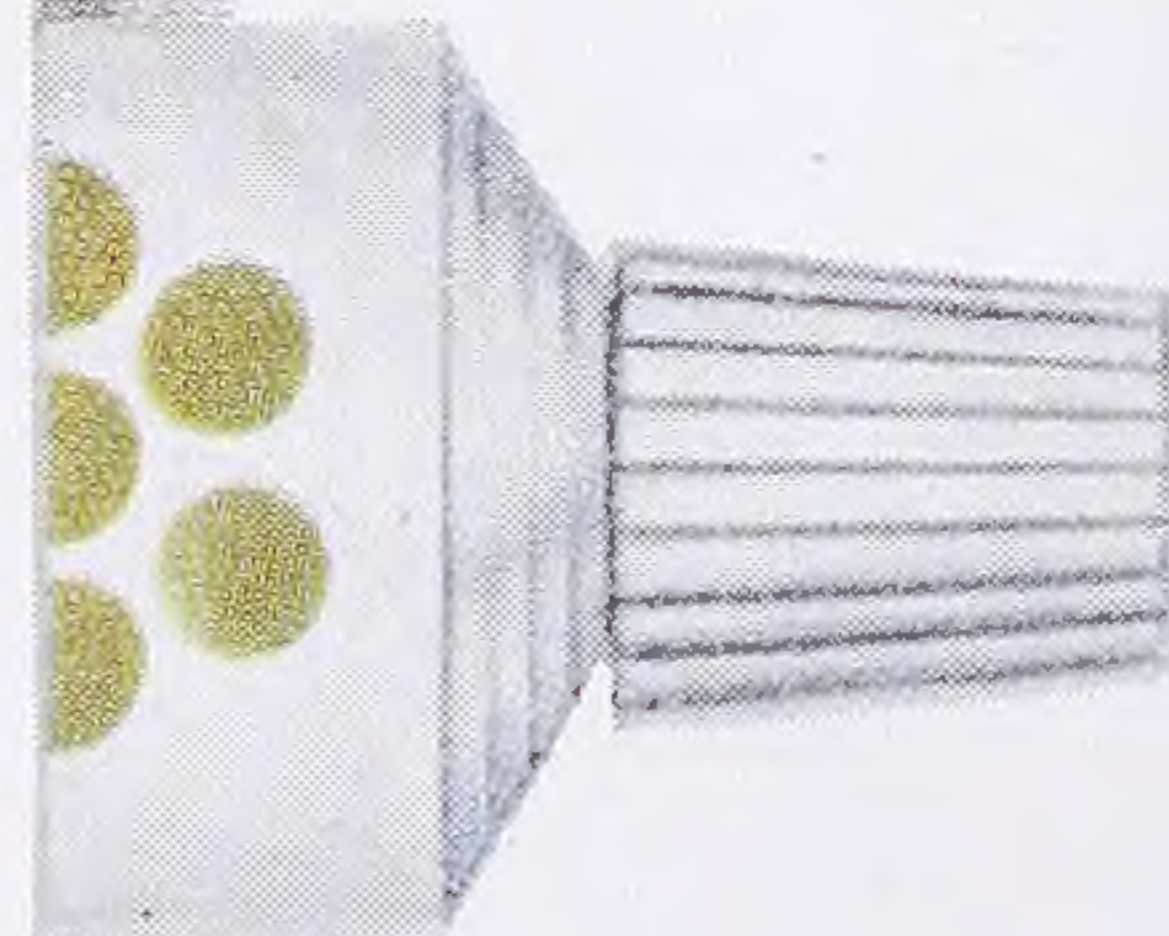
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Listerine stops bad breath  
4 times better  
than tooth paste!

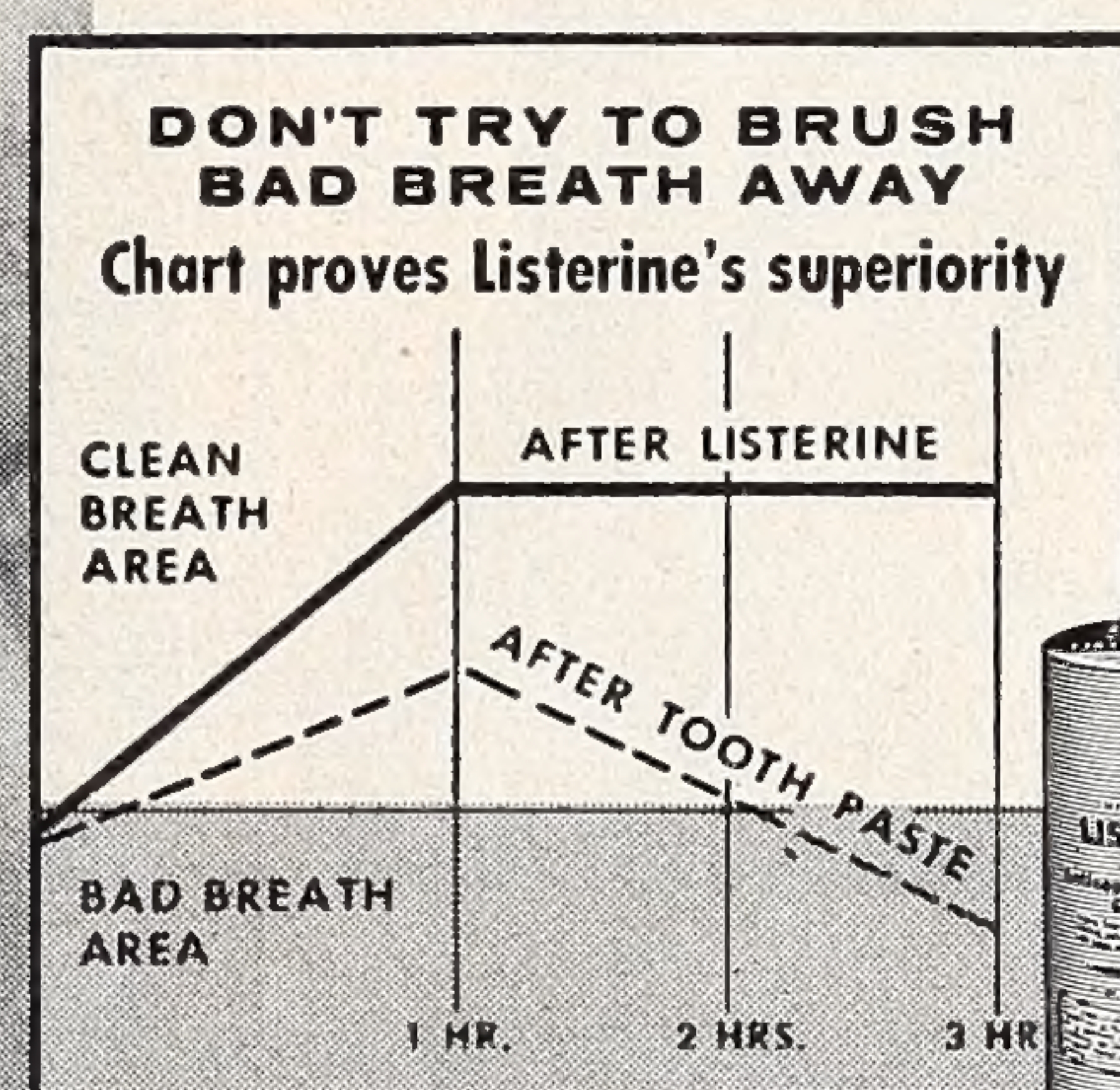
**Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then!**

Germ in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germ the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.

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**Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.**



*Reach* **for Listerine**

... your No. 1 protection  
against bad breath



# CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

**BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE**—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: *Shepard Henderson*, James Stewart; *Gillian Holroyd*, Kim Novak; *Nicky Holroyd*, Jack Lemmon; *Sidney Redlitch*, Ernie Kovacs; *Mrs. De Pass*, Hermione Gingold; *Queenie*, Elsa Lanchester; *Merle Kitt-ridge*, Janice Rule; *French Singer*, Phillippe Clay.

**HOME BEFORE DARK**—Warners. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: *Charlotte Bronn*, Jean Simmons; *Arnold Bronn*, Dan O'Herlihy; *Joan Carlisle*, Rhonda Fleming; *Jake Diamond*, Efrem Zimbalist Jr.; *Inez Winthrop*, Mabel Albertson; *Hamilton Gregory*, Steve Dunne; *Frances Barrett*, Joan Weldon; *Cathy Berger*, Joanna Barnes; *Mattie*, Kathryn Card; *Hazel Evans*, Marjorie Bennett; *Malcolm Southey*, Johnstone White; *Mrs. Hathaway*, Eleanor Audley.

**I WANT TO LIVE!**—U.A. Directed by Robert Wise: *Barbara Graham*, Susan Hayward; *Ed Montgomery*, Simon Oakland; *Peg*, Virginia Vincent; *Palmberg*, Theodore Bikel; *Henry Graham*, Wesley Lau; *Warden*, Raymond Bailey; *Tibrow*, Gage Clark; *Perkins*, Philip Coolidge; *Santo*, Lou Krugman; *Matthews*, Joe De Santis; *Capt. Guard*, Dabbs Greer; *Lieutenant*, Gavin Macleod; *Father Devers*, John Marley; *Bruce King*, James Philbrook; *Sergeant*, Stafford Repp; *D.A. Milton*, Bartlett Robinson; *Sergeant (San Quentin)*, Russell Thorson.

**INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS, THE**—20th. Directed by Mark Robson: *Gladys Aylward*, Ingrid Bergman; *Linnan*, Curt Jurgens; *Mandarin*, Robert Donat; *Hok-A*, Michael David; *Mrs. Lawson*, Athene Seyler; *Sir Francis*, Ronald Squire; *Dr. Robinson*, Moultrie Kelsall; *Mr. Murfin*, Richard Wattis; *Yang*, Peter Chong; *Sui Lan*, Tsai Chin; *Secretary*, Edith Sharp; *Cook*, Joan Young; *Woman with Baby*, Lian-Shin Yang.

**LAST HURRAH, THE**—Columbia. Directed by John Ford: *Skeffington*, Spencer Tracy; *Adam Caulfield*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Maeve Caulfield*, Dianne Foster; *John Gorman*, Pat O'Brien; *Norman Cass Sr.*, Basil Rathbone; *The Cardinal*, Donald Crisp; *Cuke Gillen*, James Gleason; *Dittto Roland*, Edward Brophy; *Amos Force*, John Carradine; *Roger Sugrue*, Willis Bouchee; *Bishop Gardiner*, Basil Ruysdael; *Sam Weinberg*, Ricardo Cortez; *Hennessey*, Wallace Ford; *Festus Garvey*, Frank McHugh; *Mr. Winslow*, Carleton Young; *Jack Mangan*, Frank Albertson; *Degnan*, Bob Sweeney; *Dan Herlihy*, William Leslie; *Gert*, Anna Lee; *Monsignor Killian*, Ken Curtis; *Delia*, Jane Darwell; *Norman Cass Jr.*, O.Z. Whitehead; *Frank Skeffington Jr.*, Arthur Walsh; *Kevin McCluskey*, Charles Fitzsimmons; *Mrs. McCluskey*, Helen Westcott.

**MY UNCLE MR. HULOT**—Continental. Directed by Jacques Tati: *Mr. Hulot*, Jacques Tati; *M. Arpel*, Jean-Pierre Zola; *Mme. Arpel*, Adrienne Servantie; *Gerard*, Alain Becourt; *M. Pichard*, Lucien Fregis; *Betty*, Betty Schneider; *Georgette*, Yvonne Arnaud.

**PARTY GIRL**—M-G-M. Directed by Nicholas Ray: *Thomas Farrell*, Robert Taylor; *Vicki Gaye*, Cyd Charisse; *Rico Angelo*, Lee J. Cobb; *Louis Ganetto*, John Ireland; *Jeffrey Stewart*, Kent Smith; *Genevieve*, Claire Kelly; *Cookie*, Corey Allen; *Danny Rimett*, Lewis Charles; *Lou Forbes*, David Opatoshu; *Joey Vulner*, Kem Dibbs; *O'Malley*, Patrick McVey; *party girls*, Barbara Lang, Myrna Hansen, Betty Utey.

**RESTLESS YEARS, THE**—U-I. Directed by Delmut Kautner: *Will Henderson*, John Saxon; *Melinda Grant*, Sandra Dee; *Polly Fisher*, Luana Patten; *Dorothy Henderson*, Margaret Lindsay; *Miss Robson*, Virginia Grey; *Elizabeth Grant*, Teresa Wright; *Ed Henderson*, James Whitmore; *Alex Fisher*, Alan Baxter; *Laura Fisher*, Dorothy Green; *Bruce Mitchell*, Jody McCrea; *Tom Mitchell*, Russ Bender; *Mr. Booth*, Hayden Rorke.

**ROOTS OF HEAVEN, THE**—20th. Directed by John Huston: *Forsythe*, Errol Flynn; *Minna*, Juliette Greco; *Morel*, Trevor Howard; *Abe Fields*, Eddie Albert; *Cy Sedgewick*, Orson Welles; *Saint Denis*, Paul Lukas; *Orsini*, Herbert Lom; *Habib*, Gregoire Aslan; *Governor*, Andre Luguet; *Peer Qvist*, Friedrich Ledebur; *Waitari*, Edric Connor; *Baron*, Olivier Hussenot; *Major Scholscher*, Pierre Dudan.

**SEPARATE TABLES**—U.A. Directed by Delbert Mann: *Ann Shankland*, Rita Hayworth; *Sibyl Railton-Bell*, Deborah Kerr; *Major Pollock*, David Niven; *Miss Cooper*, Wendy Hiller; *John Malcolm*, Burt Lancaster; *Mrs. Railton-Bell*, Gladys Cooper; *Lady Matheson*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *Mr. Fowler*, Felix Aylmer; *Charles*, Rod Taylor; *Jean*, Audrey Dalton; *Miss Meacham*, May Hallatt; *Daveen*, Priscilla Morgan; *Mabel*, Hilda Plowright.

**TORPEDO RUN**—M-G-M. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Barney*, Glenn Ford; *Arch*, Ernest Borgnine; *Jane*, Dianne Brewster; *Jake "Fuzz" Foley*, Dean Jones; *"Hash" Benson*, L.Q. Jones; *Adm. Setton*, Philip Ober; *Comdr. Don Adams*, Richard Carlyle; *Orville "Goldy" Goldstein*, Fred Wayne; *Ens. Ron Milligan*, Don Keefer; *Lt. Redley*, Robert Hardy; *Lt. Burl Fisher*, Paul Picerni.

JANUARY, 1959

VOL. 55, NO. 1

# PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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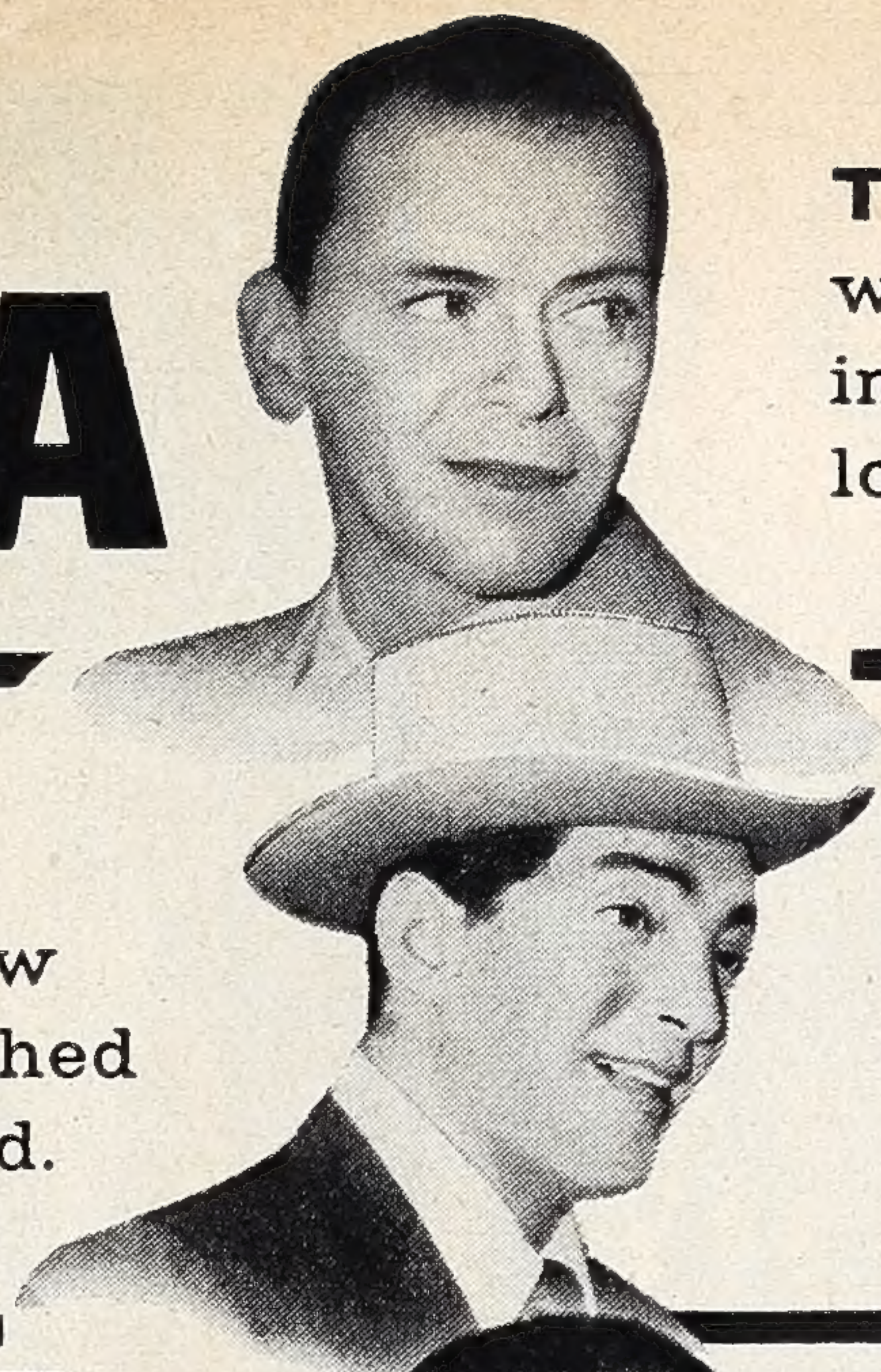
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# FRANK SINATRA



## THIS IS DAVE

who met life with his hands  
in his pockets and an angry  
look in his eyes.

**THIS IS BAMA**  
who knew the game and knew  
the odds but sometimes pushed  
his luck too hard.

# DEAN MARTIN

# SHIRLEY Mac LAIN



## THIS IS GINNY

whom men always liked  
but never in the right way  
and never enough.

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A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION*

# ...SOME CAME RUNNING"

*BY JAMES JONES, THE AUTHOR OF  
"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"*



Co-starring

# MARTHA HYER



# ARTHUR KENNEDY



NANCY GATES •

With

LEORA DANA •

Screen Play by

JOHN PATRICK and ARTHUR SHEEKMAN

Based on the Novel by

JAMES JONES •

In CinemaScope

and METROCOLOR •

Directed by

VINCENTE MINNELLI •

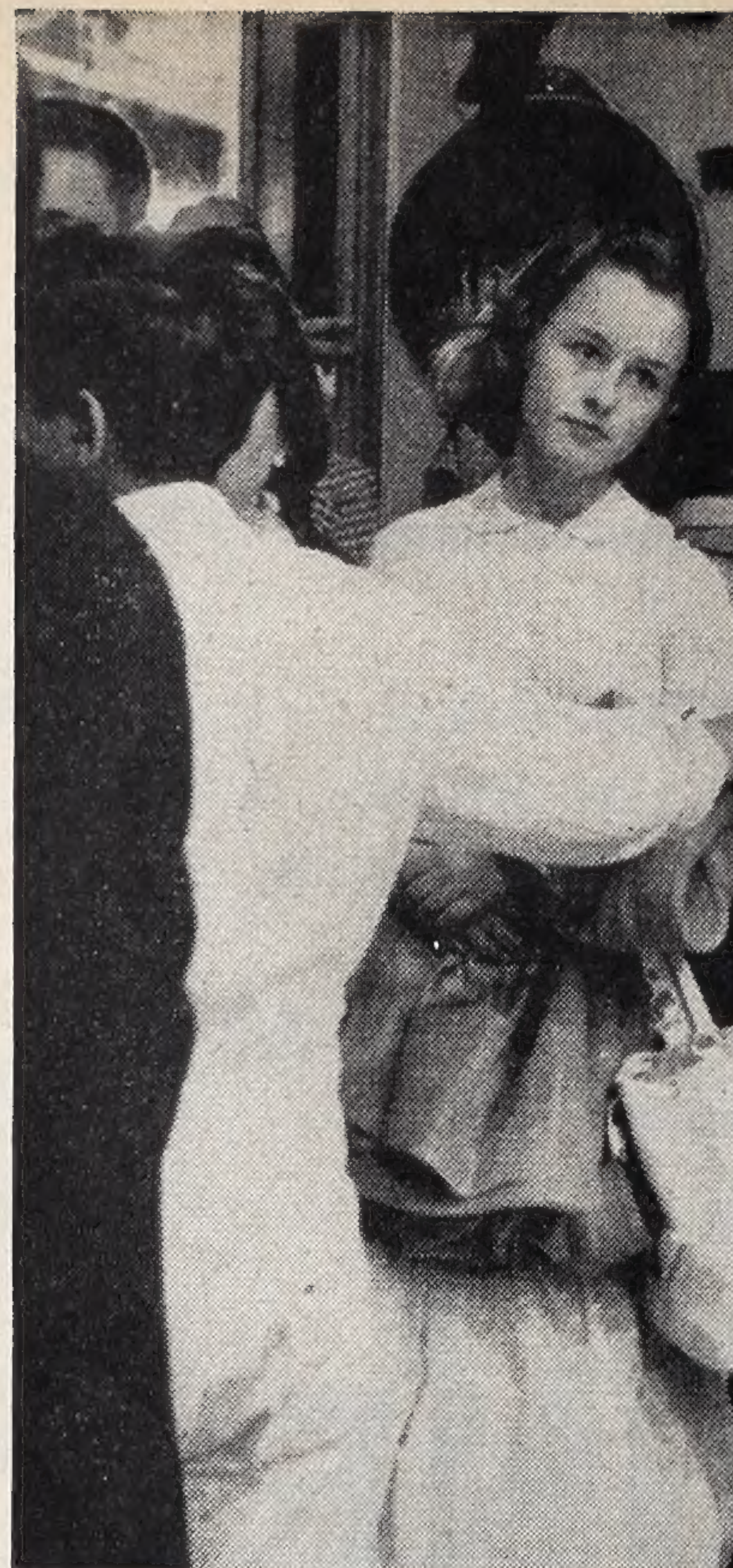
Produced by

SOL C. SIEGEL



# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



*A young fan might wait hours to glimpse a star.*



*The premiere's thrills begin with the first limousine. Even Method actresses like Eva Marie Saint dress up.*



*Always cheers for the Clark Gables.*

Premieres, I love 'em. All the stars turn out, and all of them really look like stars just this once. Spotlights play through the night, limousines honk, and the sidewalks are jammed with teens and graybeards, all straining for a look. The show outside's always a good one, even when the show inside is a flop.

Mai Britt, the Stockholm siren, blushes so red her freckles disappear. . . . Frank Sinatra's Capitol album "Only the Lonely" is only the greatest, from the cover of Sinatra the clown to the last torchy note. . . . Gary Crosby reminds me of his dad, of course; but also, Jimmy Cagney, and Gary. He's got a personality strictly his own and it's winning fans for him. Include me. . . . Ingrid Goude, a Miss Sweden, looks better without makeup than most glamour girls do with. . . . "If Brigitte Bardot is such a big foreign star," asks starlet Googie Schwab, "how come she's still in Europe?" . . . Tony (Continued)





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BEST SELLER!  
TOPS THE PLAY!  
NOW! THE ONE  
AND ONLY

# AUNTIE MAME

IS ON THE SCREEN!

Starring the original Auntie Mame of the stage show!

## ROSALIND RUSSELL

Vera  
The Duchess  
from  
Pittsburgh...  
Babcock  
The Heckling  
Banker...  
Burnside  
The Pride  
of Dixie...  
O'Bannion  
The Hairy  
Lover...  
The  
Gruesome  
Miss Gooch...

They're  
all  
here!  
That  
mad  
marvelous  
'Auntie  
Mame'  
mob!



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FORREST  
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FRED CLARK with CORAL BROWNE · PATRIC KNOWLES · LEE PATRICK · WILLARD WATERMAN · ROBIN HUGHES  
Screenplay by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN · From the novel "Auntie Mame" by Patrick Dennis · As adapted  
for the stage by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee · Directed by MORTON D'ACOSTA



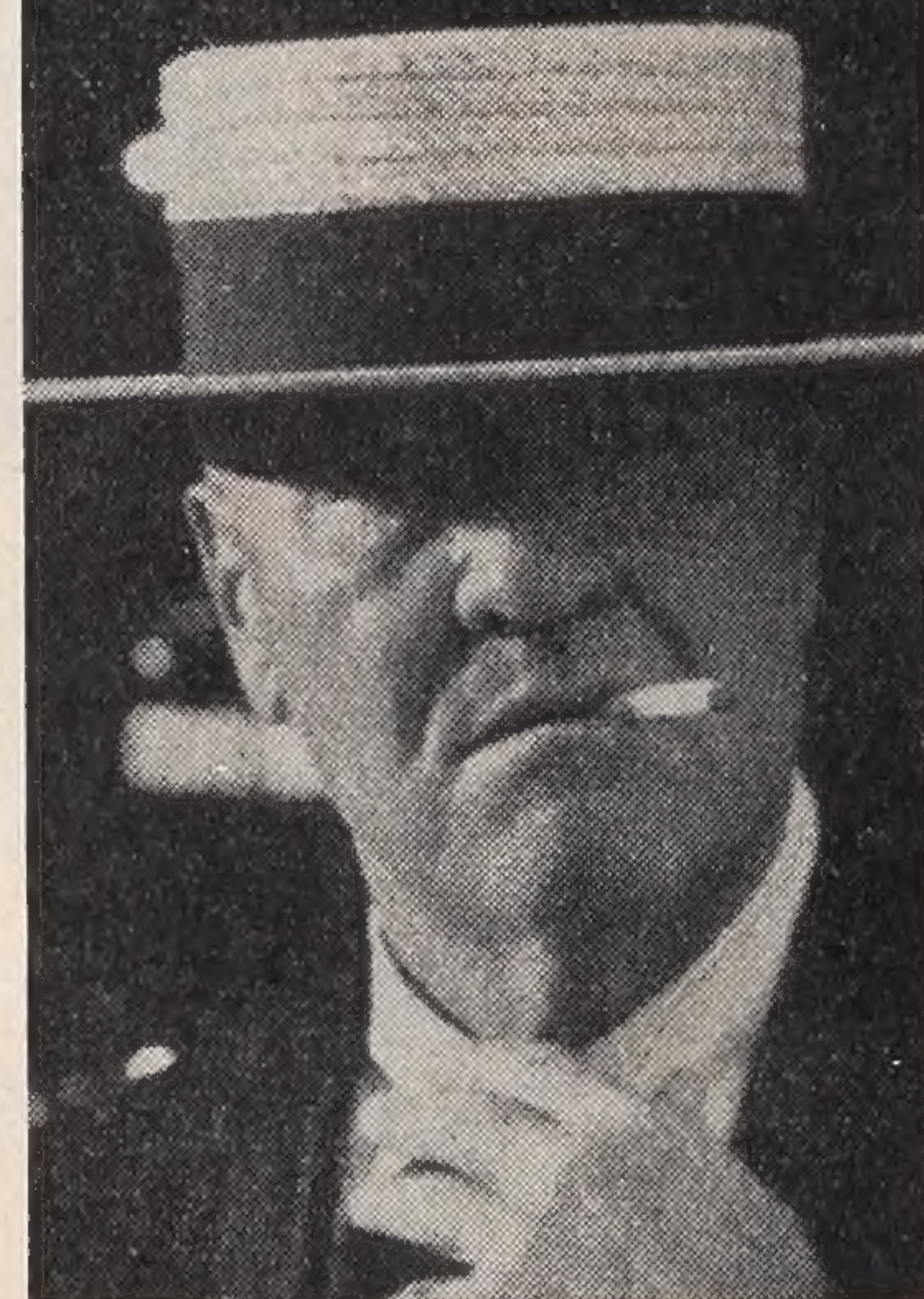


# HOLLYWOOD

*continued*

Perkins adores the word adore. . . . I knew Tommy Sands wasn't torching for Dottie Harmony when he asked for Pat Mitchell's phone number. . . . I'm going to ignore Tuesday Weld every day but Tuesday till she changes the name. . . . Sandra Dee told me, "Funny, but as I keep getting older Clark Gable seems to keep getting younger." . . . Kim Novak cancelled "The Beach Boys," didn't want "bad girl" role. . . . I *never* thought Jayne Mansfield would turn into an actress. . . . Still wonder what Tina Louise meant when she told me that sometimes two and two make four. . . . Sammy Davis Jr. turns off an old movie on TV to run an oldie on his own home screen. . . . I like Hugh O'Brian better since he started steady-dating Joan (Miss Nevada) Adams. . . . If you're up till 2 a.m. and want to see Hollywood celebrities, then the Gaiety Delly on the Sunset Strip is the place for you. . . . Often, Ida Lupino gives me the impression that she's ready to explode. . . . Errol Flynn knows that Hollywood is a place where you can have a good time without enjoying yourself. . . . In reply to many letters, let me tell you that Betty Wand did the singing for Leslie Caron in "Gigi." . . . My favorite explanation of The Method is Peter Finch's: "Stanislavski says what any good actor does." . . . Dolores Hart really deserves the raves Broadway critics voted her in "The Pleasure of His Company." . . . I'll tell you what kind of a fellow Rick Nelson is. He'd be a Rick Nelson fan if he weren't Rick Nelson. Yes sir! That's Hollywood for you.

*At premieres, I count the stars—and the columns of news they'll make that evening. Below, Kim Novak, who'd make any escort a little nervous. At right, Jack Oakie, minus eighty pounds and trying for a comeback. Just know he'll make it!*

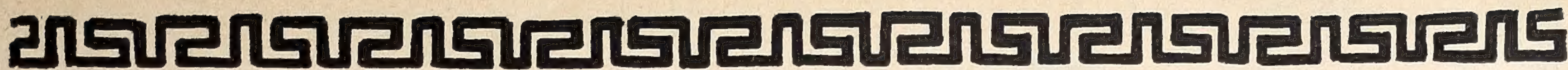


*Producer Jerry Wald, wife with Audrey Hepburn*



*Confusion reigns, flashbulbs pop to catch the entrance of Carroll Baker and husband.*





It was born under the China sky  
...her miracle of love, courage  
and devotion  
...to God  
..100 children  
...and an  
Eurasian  
soldier!

20<sup>th</sup>

Century-Fox

PRESENTS A

BUDDY ADLER

PRODUCTION

STARRING

Ingrid  
Bergman

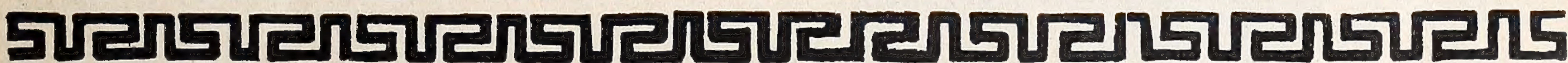
Curt  
Jurgens

Robert  
Donat

THE  
INN OF  
THE SIXTH  
HAPPINESS



CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE DIRECTED BY MARK ROBSON · ISOBEL LENNART SCREENPLAY BY





✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT  
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD  
✓ FAIR

get more out of life—  
**go out to a  
movie**

**What's on tonight?**

**You've got to go out  
to see the best! Look for  
these new pictures  
at your favorite theater**



### ***The Inn of The Sixth Happiness***

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,  
DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Back in England, church authorities gently dismissed Gladys Aylward's idea of going to China as a missionary. But Gladys went anyway. Today, living on Formosa, she can look back on a life of service to God and man performed with the single-minded devotion of the truly dedicated. Director Mark Robson and a superlative cast have transferred this life to the screen in a film that is both a vivid dramatic experience and an inspiring testament to faith. It is all here—the dangerous trek through Siberia via railway, the initial suspicion of the Chinese for a foreigner, the scorn of the ruling Mandarin (Robert Donat), the growing admiration and approval, the love of Dutch-Chinese general (Curt Jurgens) and, finally, all the horror of China's long war with Japan. As Gladys, Ingrid Bergman plays at the peak of her great power as an actress. Her performance is the crowning glory of the year's most moving and memorable screen achievement.

FAMILY

### ***Separate Tables***

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Terence Rattigan's thumbnail sketches of several people living in an English seaside hotel have been admirably transferred from Broadway to the screen. Chief interest centers around a drunken journalist (Burt Lancaster), his selfish ex-wife (Rita Hayworth, seen top left with Lancaster), a scandal-smearred Major (David Niven) and a mother-dominated ugly duckling (Deborah Kerr). Watching these people in action is continuously absorbing, and that's all we'll say because the rest of this review belongs very properly to Deborah Kerr. Since her American debut eleven years ago, Miss Kerr has had few chances to really act. To those still unaware of her true worth, it will be a revelation. She sketches the timid soul with a wealth of pathetic little glances and gestures, makes her every word and action ring true. Magnificent is not a word to be used lightly; on Miss Kerr it fits like a glove. She is surrounded by performances ranging from the high competence of Lancaster's, Miss Hayworth's and Gladys Cooper's to the exceptional quality of David Niven's, Cathleen Nesbitt's and Wendy Hiller's.

ADULT

### ***Home Before Dark***

WARNERS

✓✓✓✓ "Home Before Dark" returns Jean Simmons to blonde tresses for the first time since 1948's "Hamlet." Coincidentally, it also provides her with her finest opportunity since *Ophelia*, and brings her once more triumphantly to the front ranks of film actresses. As a discharged mental patient, she returns to a husband who no longer loves her and to a domestic situation with her stepmother and stepsister unchanged from that which brought about her breakdown. The stage is thus set for a relapse, a possibility thoroughly explored in this film's two-hour-plus running time. Producer-director Mervyn LeRoy keeps it subdued and believable. In an offbeat role for her, Rhonda Fleming does well as the stepsister and Dan O'Herlihy is excellent as Jean's stuffed-shirt husband. As an admirer, Efrem Zimbalist scores solidly, adds to his growing reputation as one of Hollywood's most personable and talented young actors.

ADULT

### ***I Want To Live!***

UNITED ARTISTS

✓✓✓✓ The story of Barbara Graham (Susan Hayward, bottom left), as here presented, is violent, sordid and shocking.  
(continued)



**NOW! Another beauty "plus" from LANOLIN PLUS!**

# New Kind of Shampoo Waves and Curls Hair!

**ACTUALLY CONDITIONS, CURLS AND CLEANS...AT THE SAME TIME!**



**GUARANTEED**  
**Long-Lasting Results...**

**even with children's  
soft, fine hair**

**...or your  
money back**

**New protein waving shampoo washes in long-lasting curls and waves as it washes out dirt and dulling film!**

Yes! You *can* have lovely, lustrous, lasting curls and waves *today!* Forget about extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers, hair spray sets, nightly pin-curl drudgery. Don't bother with expensive permanents. All you need ever do is shampoo with amazing new Wash 'n Curl!

The magic of this gentle, golden liquid shampoo is its exclusive formula of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that actually conditions and curls as it cleans!

And wonderful Wash 'n Curl is so very easy to use. Simply wash your hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let the billowy lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set.

Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you've longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash 'n Curl!



Safe for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's hard-to-manage hair—or money back!

**\$1.50**  
+ TAX

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counters everywhere*

*No wonder the ladies (bless 'em) are going wild over*

**NEW**

**wash 'n curl**

TRADEMARK

**WAVING SHAMPOO**

by *Lanolin  
Plus*



## MOVIES *continued*

Taken from the real life saga of a San Francisco harlot convicted of murder, it is one long searing look at life's seamiest side. Its last section, dealing with the intricate details of execution in the gas chamber, is unrelievedly grim. Some of its points are vague, its logic fuzzy. But as an exercise in sheer power, it has few peers. In the year's finest editing job, director Robert Wise rockets the viewer from one scene to another without letup. Wise has further extracted complete effectiveness from his largely unknown supporting cast, no small achievement. As a woman who made all the wrong choices, Susan Hayward mixes amoral abandon and human heartbreak in a performance that will stay with you long after you've left the theater. **ADULT**

### *My Uncle, Mr. Hulot*

CONTINENTAL, EASTMANCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Sequels rarely approach the level of their predecessors but this follow-up to "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" is even better than that memorable frolic. On one level, it's a hilarious satire on modern architecture, presenting a house crammed with malfunctioning buttons and gadgets and crowned by a monstrous fish-head fountain which spews water straight up into the air. A hysterically funny garden party fixes that. Then there are a couple of zany strolls through a plastics factory, and a few sessions with the local truants that are the living end. This screwball antic is hard to pin down, plot-wise, but writer-producer-director-star Jacques Tati has an uncanny eye and ear for the quirks in human nature, and it's all the little bits and pieces along the way that make this such a gem. Except for Tati, the cast are all unknowns and all priceless. If you like a good laugh (and who doesn't?), please go and see this film—you'll have a bushelful. **FAMILY**

### *The Restless Years* U-I, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ As if the business of growing up weren't hard enough in itself, Sandra Dee and John Saxon (below right) are here burdened with the problems of their parents as well. In a gossip-ridden small town, Sandra is the girl who is "different," somehow set apart from the high-school crowd. Everybody but Sandra knows the unhappy truth: that she is illegitimate. Her mother, dressmaker Teresa Wright, lovingly shields her from life, gives her ruffy, childish clothes. As for John, he's also on the outside, because he's the new kid in town. His sympathy for Sandra and their growing love are opposed by his salesman father (James Whitmore) and snobbish mother (Margaret Lindsay), who want him to cozy up to the "right" people. Jody McCrea, for instance, is a big wheel—and a bully. And Luana Patten, queen of the school set, is a catty creature, insecure because of her home life, with a stuffed-shirt dad and an alcoholic mother. At least, these teenagers are neither giddy nor delinquent—and that's refreshing. **ADULT**

### *The Last Hurrah*

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Edwin O'Connor's rousing and hilarious tale of a rogue who served New England as governor and mayor is now brought to the screen by producer-director John Ford. The novel has been well served as to detail—all of its people are here either aiding or opposing Frank Skeffington (Spencer Tracy, page 11) in his last campaign. But the scope of the film is merely moderate when it should be vigorous, sporadically alive when it should pulse with vitality. Ford's telescoping of the election itself loses much of its punch, and the majority of the characters are in and out too fast. Still there are some excellent scenes, many of the book's gems of wit and, as hangers-on of varying stripe, Edward Brophy, O.Z. Whitehead and Arthur Walsh are per-

fection. As it is, "Last Hurrah" is a good film; it could have been a better one.

FAMILY

### *The Roots of Heaven*

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓ This Darryl Zanuck-John Huston collaboration is probably the year's most exasperating film. Roughly the picture poses this question: Since we have to change our likes and dislikes every few years (Germans, Japanese, Russians, etc.), why not simplify things by rejecting all mankind and loving elephants? Which might be a fine jumping-off spot for ridicule except that the quality of the ideas raised in this film—and in the Romain Gary novel on which it is based—forbids it. It deals with H-Bomb lunacy, pacifism, nationalism and similar topics that most films wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Angered by the systematic slaughter of elephants in his beloved Africa, Trevor Howard takes to pot-shooting hunters, thus becoming an international sensation. There are some fine talents at work here—Mr. Howard, Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn (all seen below center, from l. to r.), Orson Welles, Eddie Albert, Paul Lukas, others. But the film jumps all over the place and never really comes to grips with anything. And by giving everybody a voice and trying to speak for everyone, it comes perilously close to speaking for no one. **ADULT**

### *Bell, Book and Candle* COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Shortly after this film begins, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon and Elsa Lanchester (witches all) conspire to drive James Stewart's fiancée Janice Rule cuckoo. Absolutely hilarious. Then, in two brief scenes, Hermione Gingold (also a witch—inspired casting!) comes on in a red fright wig and lays everyone in the aisles. Having enjoyed a long run on Broadway, John Van Druten's sparkling fantasy about a witch who fell in love with a





mortal and lost her powers loses most of its allure on film, because the tone wavers unhappily between comedy and some drama. Jimmy Stewart (Page 10, left with Kim) does a blue-ribbon job but Kim Novak lacks the variety necessary to fill her demanding role. **FAMILY**

**Torpedo Run** **M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR**

✓✓ A protracted but interesting game of cat-and-mouse during World War II is the subject here. Submarine commander Glenn Ford's one driving ambition is to sink the Jap carrier *Shinaru*, spearhead of the Pearl Harbor attack. But no knowledge of the whereabouts of his wife and daughter, taken prisoners in Manila, is making a wreck of him. Suddenly the Japanese publish a list of prisoners to be transferred from Manilla to Tokyo, and Ford's family is on it. Now he can really go after the *Shinaru* only—that batch of prisoners is on an unarmed transport screening the *Shinaru* so that she can get safely back to port. And so it goes, from one crisis to another, until the grand slam finale. **FAMILY**

**Party Girl** **M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR**

✓✓ Chicago in the Thirties is the setting for the type of gangland melodrama that once gave Robert Taylor a memorable role as "Johnny Eager." In this one, he's a crippled lawyer—embittered and cynical, mouthpiece of the mob, spell-binding juries and keeping his clients away from the electric chair where most of them belong. Enter Cyd Charisse, and Taylor discovers a pressing reason to get away from it all. Only the mob, kingpin Lee J. Cobb in particular, can't quite see it that way. Director Nicholas Ray has worked closely with the set decorator and designer Helen Rose to make this item visually lush and muffle the plot's familiarity. As an actress, Miss Charisse has her best footage in two torrid dance numbers that are genuine eye-poppers. Taylor plays with his usual competence, and Lee J. Cobb proves once again that no one plays a slob like Cobb. **FAMILY**



104 POLAR-TRAPPED



KISS-STARVED G.I.s picked the army's champ woman-chaser to take *their* furlough by proxy with two gorgeous dames!



Universal-International presents **TONY CURTIS** **JANET LEIGH**  
The **Perfect Furlough**

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman **COLOR**

co-starring **KEENAN WYNN** · **ELAINE STRITCH**  
with **LES TREMAYNE**  
**MARCEL DALIO** and **LINDA CRISTAL**



Directed by **BLAKE EDWARDS** · Written by **STANLEY SHAPIRO** · Produced by **ROBERT ARTHUR**



# ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS



*"He's a bird," says Phil Everly (left). "He's a dog," says brother Don (right). "He's a Bird Dog," chorus Tommy Reynolds and Ella Di Blasio, "we dig the song."*

Looking forward to a groovy Christmas? All set for a swingin' New Year? It sort of puts you in a reviewing and previewing mood as you ring out the old and ring in the new, doesn't it? Me, too. And it started me thinking of some music milestones—in particular, a startling retirement and comeback that seems to have been overlooked in all the justifiable fuss about El going to Germany and 1958's other exciting music-world happenings.

It was just one year ago that a fellow by the name of Richard Penniman, better known as "Little Richard," retired from the disc scene with these surprising words: "I'd like to tell all my fans that rock 'n' roll glorifies Satan. From now on, my singing will glorify God." An amazing turnabout for the husky twenty-three-year-old who in two years leaped from a thirty-five dollar a week to a 250,000 dollar a year job, racking up a whooping best-seller score with such hits as "Long Tall Sally," "Ready Teddy" and "Tutti Frutti." What happened? That's what we wanted to know, thus a phone call to Oakwood College in Huntsville, Ala-

bama, to talk to pal Richard in person.

At first he didn't seem to want to discuss the subject, but after a while he got warmed up and words came quickly. Asked about college life at Oakwood and what he was studying there, he answered:

"There are about three hundred boys here. Most of them are studying for the ministry. We live in big dormitories. Most of us are vegetarians. It's run by the Seventh Day Adventists. I go to classes twice a day. Between classes I

study my Bible. I never go into town. We have a sports field for recreation."

Asked what he planned to do with the rest of his life, he answered:

"I don't think I'll be a minister. I might be a teacher. I want to help win souls to the Lord. This is a four-year course, but I don't know if I'll stay the whole time or not."

How would he make his living?

"I don't want any money—just enough to buy some food to eat. Maybe I'll sell magazines from door to door. Religious magazines, that is."

I asked him why he had given up music as a full-time job for the ministry.

He said: "The Lord has been good to me many times. He has taken care of me." He told me of driving down a slippery street in his Cadillac and spinning around and thinking that the end had come for him. But he didn't hit anything. "The Lord took care of me."

He told of another time when he was enroute to the Philippines and on the airplane between Los Angeles and Honolulu an engine went out on them. He thought he was finished. He was scared. He prayed. And finally they made it. "The Lord took care of me again," he said.

But the most amazing series of incidents happened in Australia while he was there on tour. "One day I was standing near the ocean shore in Sydney. The sputnik—you know, Russia's sput-



*Vic, Joe, Ed and Gene—the Ames Brothers who made RCA's "Pussy Cat" a national best-seller—rehearse a new number that'll carry on their "big hit" tradition.*





Frankie's in a Pagliacci mood on the cover of his latest album for Capitol.

nik—sudden like streaked real low across the sky and it made me feel funny, like maybe it was a sign. That night I had a dream. It was very real. There was a lot of fire and the world came to an end. And somehow I knew all this meant the time had come for me to find the Lord.”

When the other fellows in his orchestra wouldn't believe him when he said he was giving up music, he took three diamond rings from his pocket and threw them into the ocean. “Then they really knew I meant what I said.”

Is it true, he was asked, that he had given away all his worldly possessions?

“Yes,” he answered. “I gave away my jewelry and all my clothes, and my three apartment houses. I'll have to pay taxes on my record royalty money, but after that I'll give the rest away. I like to share my money. It makes me feel good.”

He says he still gets a lot of fan mail and answers all the letters himself, but when they ask when he'll be back rock 'n' rolling permanently, he writes, “I'll just make a record once in a while.”

Now, though he's back in the hot hundred with Specialty's “Baby Face,” his religious work is still the mainstay of his life.

I thanked Richard for having told me so much of his (Continued on page 69)

# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



**Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?**

**A.** It's true! One is “physical”, caused by work or exertion; the other is “nervous”, stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the “opposite sex”.



**Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?**

**A.** Doctors say the “emotional” kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



**Q. How can you overcome “emotional” perspiration?**

**A.** Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop\*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



**Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?**

**A.** Because of exclusive Perstop\*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this “emotional” perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no “roll-on”, spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

## Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

**It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested!** Used daily, ARRID with Perstop\* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



**43¢**  
plus tax.

\*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants



*Kim Novak was a Deb Star. And so were Carol Lynley and Dolores Hart. Judi Meredith had butterflies inside, wondering . . .*



## GOLLY, WILL IT HAPPEN TO ME, TOO?



**4:00 p.m.** Judy can't find car keys. Oh, left 'em in switch!



**5:00 p.m.** At Sak's for her new hairdo.



**7:00 p.m.** Judy's so excited she walked into a closet. Now, her dress strap needs fixing.



**7:45 p.m.** A last dab of powder. Judi spilt water on her dress. She moans, "Everyone will see the wrinkle!"



**8:15 p.m.** They've taken pictures, now she waits to go on.





8:30 p.m. Barry Coe escorts Judi. "Hold my hand tight, honey," she says.

Ever have one of those days when, because you want everything to go so right, it goes so wrong? It happened to Judi Meredith the day of the Deb Star Ball, when she was one of thirteen girls nominated as stars of tomorrow. She lost her money purse, then found it in her left hand. Her car ran out of gas; *she* ran into a closet. She thought of the now-famous girls who had been Debs before her. "Golly," she'd think, "will it happen to me, too?" Judi had come a long way. Just a short year ago, you knew her only as Natalie Wood's best friend ("Bob, Did You Know?" in March Photoplay).

She had still another reason for wanting everything to be perfect—and that was her escort, Barry Coe. Friends are beginning to say that Judi and Barry have "that marriage look." As to George Burns, whose McCadden Productions sponsored Judi as a Deb, he signed Barry for a TV role opposite Judi, "to save writers' fees on the love scenes!"

When she'd marched down the Deb aisle, Judi was glowing. The day may have been hectic; evening was heaven.

A NEW **SAL MINEO**

IN A  
DIFFERENT  
KIND OF  
ROLE!

IN  
**WALT DISNEY'S  
TONKA**

The Drama...the Action  
Behind the West's  
Strangest Legend!

**TECHNICOLOR®**

starring **SAL MINEO • JEROME COURTLAND • PHILIP CAREY • RAFAEL CAMPOS**

with JOY PAGE • BRITT LOMOND • Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER • Screenplay by LEWIS R. FOSTER & LILLIE HAYWARD

Based on the book "COMANCHE" by DAVID APPEL • Produced by JAMES PRATT

Distributed by Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc. (©) WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

**WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!**





### The Joy of Living

I recently had the pleasure of meeting John Wilder, who starred in "Unguarded Moment" and "Imitation General," and found him to be of the very highest type—intelligent, thoughtful, full of the joy of living, and exemplifying the kind of young people we would all enjoy seeing more of on the screen and in everyday life.

FALMA MCCrackEN  
Indianapolis, Ind.

### Can You Imagine—

Can you imagine . . .  
Frank Sinatra having sideburns  
Orson Welles in blue suede shoes  
Tony Curtis with blond hair  
Ed Sullivan being a cowboy  
Elvis Presley being bald  
George Montgomery without his guns  
Lassie and Rin Tin Tin playing in a picture together?

A. KAY  
Rochester, N. Y.

### Unspoiled by Success

I, too, have been impressed by the warm, sincere personality of Miss Connie Francis. Being a housewife and having no connection with the world of show business, I am always amazed to receive personal, thoughtful letters and postcards from Connie. I first wrote to encourage her when she was virtually unknown. Her success has been phenomenal but she still writes, always inquiring about my family, although we have never met. Her talent will take her to the top—and her personality will keep her there. She is a real credit to her generation and her profession—and both could use more girls like Connie.

MRS. R.C.S.  
Westlake, Ohio

### The Performer and the Public

Forgive me if I take a moment of your time, but I enjoy Photoplay and feel it doesn't lean toward sensationalism, hence my writing to you about something I've long thought about: The pious attitude of many people toward the movie industry that is responsible for so much enlightenment and pure enjoyment.

Everywhere in recent years we have heard cries of "shame, shame," from a public which descends on people like Ingrid Bergman, Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher when they fall from the clay pedestals the public has so ridiculously placed them on in the first place. Suddenly, the audi-

duty to the public is finished. He should no longer feel as if he must rationalize every act, however wise or unwise. Perhaps the day will come when people stop building these clay pedestals on which to place human beings.

MRS. JOHANNA ORCHARD  
Hartford, Conn.

### An Actor and a Gentleman

Just saw "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and considered Paul Newman's portrayal of *Brick* as Oscar material.

His rugged good looks (and those penetrating blue eyes) are so very appealing. More important is the unique acting style he brings to each and every one of his roles. His recent performances have ranked him among Hollywood and Broadway's finest actors. Don't you agree?

Also commendable is the fine way he con-



*Paul Newman: A gentleman actor.*

ducts his private life. For instance, his refusal to discuss his marital breakup in due respect of his former wife, his three children and his present wife, Joanne Woodward. He is what I would call a gentleman.

A DEDICATED NEWMAN FAN  
Hagerstown, Md.

### Bon Voyage Visit

Just thought you'd like to know that after corresponding with Rossano Brazzi for two years, my daughter and I had the pleasure of meeting him and his lovely wife when they sailed for Europe recently. My daughter and I were treated like old friends. Mr. Brazzi is just as charming off the screen as on.

MRS. MILDRED SILVER  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Reduce the Photoplay Way!

Two months ago I was a very fat 150 pounds. I now feel very thin, though I have lost only sixteen pounds. It seems I have been on a diet of Photoplay for the last two months—I think it was the only thing that kept my mind off food!

LOSING FAST  
Burlingame, Calif.

*continued*



*A reader thinks Joanne's a very lucky girl. (Hint! Above right is one reason.)*

### Perfect Ingredients

The perfect Hollywood woman would be:  
Debbie Reynolds—for personality  
Joanne Woodward—for being so lucky in having Paul Newman for a husband!  
Janet Leigh—for her happy home life  
June Allyson—for her voice

A FAN FROM THE SOUTH  
Atlanta, Ga.

ences which have for so long reaped enjoyment from the skill of these performers' work and personalities fancy themselves saintly beings whose purpose it is to pass judgment from above.

When will the public stop judging the lives and actions of these performers? When a performer has given the best of which he is capable to an audience which has, by choice, paid to see him, the performer's





# Evening in Paris...the haunting, fabulous fragrance of France

She'll love you for it... the gift that weaves its way into her dreams,  
becomes the web from which her memories spring, becomes a very part of her!

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM \$1 TO \$25  
BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.



Fabulous Trio: cologne, talcum powder, purse perfume 2.50



Double Door to Glamour: ensemble of 5 Evening in Paris beauties 5.00



Jewel Case: 6 Evening in Paris treasures set in gleaming satin 7.50



Music Box: plays a Parisian love song long after she has enjoyed 6 glamour accessories 10.00





continued

## Two "Imitations"

I understand Lana Turner's next picture is to be one called "Imitation of Life." Am I right in thinking this movie was made once before, quite a few years ago? If so, who played the leading role?

ESTHER LAMKIN  
Baltimore, Md.

Yes, it was made once before in 1935 and the star was Claudette Colbert.—Ed.

## Magnificent Monster

I've just finished reading a letter in Readers Inc. by a fellow horror movie fan. I share the writer's enthusiasm for film chillers.

But—I'd cast my vote for Christopher Lee as the best *Dracula*. His performance in "The Horror of Dracula" was the coolest. He was the most magnificent monster I've ever seen. The entire movie was excellent but it was Mr. Lee's chilling portrayal that won my admiration.

In watching Christopher Lee, I got the feeling that *Count Dracula* "... was in life a most wonderful man, soldier, statesman and alchemist. He had a mighty brain, a learning beyond compare and a heart that knew no fear and no remorse. With this one, all the forces of nature that are occult and deep and strong must have worked together in some wondrous way." And that's how *Dracula* is described in the novel by Bram Stoker.

JO ANNE JENSEN  
Milwaukee, Wis.



Claudette's old role is Lana's new one.

## A Puzzle Solved

I'm puzzled! Accompanying your November article about Dean Stockwell was a picture of a sports car wreck. I presume this photo to be that of Stockwell's accident. Yet, is it?

If so, then why does paragraph three on page eighty-one clearly state, "... Dean (Stockwell) opened the side door of the car and got out. He wasn't hurt. He saw that his car was only slightly damaged."

Slightly damaged? If that's supposed to be a picture of a slightly damaged automobile, then I'd most certainly be reluctant to see your version of a badly damaged one.

Also, if Stockwell opened the side door and got out, then what's he doing on the ground beside the car?

Please clarify this puzzling situation.

PUZZLED

Crystal Springs, Miss.

As the caption indicated, the picture was of Jimmy Dean's accident, not Dean Stockwell's.

## Letter from an Ex-Moviegoer

Judging from the practically empty movie theaters every night in the week, coupled with the fact that several of the more prominent neighborhood theaters in this town (and other towns, I'm told) have either closed down completely or open on weekends only, the movie-going public, I presume, is not what it used to be.

What's the reason? Television, you say? Television is the reason for the once avid movie fans staying at home? Well, if television has hurt the movie industry, it is because the movie industry literally forced us to turn to TV for entertainment, because the movies certainly are not entertaining—as they should be and once were.

What with the trash that is being shown on movie screens today, is it any wonder that TV programs such as "Father Knows Best," "Perry Mason," "The Danny Thomas Show," etc., are like a breath of fresh air? Practically every movie shown currently in local theaters deals with sex, dope addiction and such nonsensical tales of the supernatural as "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," "I Was a Teenage Monster" and "I Was a Teenage Werewolf."

With all-time favorites such as "Now, Voyager," "Boy's Town" and "The Mortal Storm" now being shown on television, why should we go to the movies to see the garbage that is being shown there? If these movies had been released again to the theaters, rather than being sold to TV, they would have been enjoyed again as they were when first released.

Does the movie industry really think the minds of human beings have become so distorted as to enjoy the disgusting, stupid and degrading movies that Hollywood is mass-producing? If that is what the world is coming to then I, too, am content to hibernate in front of the television set. When they can show us movies like the old favorites mentioned above, then they need have no fear of competition from television.

AN EX-MOVIEGOER  
New Orleans, La.

## Housewife's Delight

I have found a way to lighten my routine day as a housewife. I just suppose that: My private butler is Robert Mitchum

Milkman—Elvis Presley

Breadman—John Ericson

Egg man—Robert Wagner

Grocer—Clint Walker

Delivery boys—Bill Campbell, Perry Lopez

Insurance man—Rock Hudson

Gas man—Tony Curtis

Traveling salesman—Kirk Douglas

TV repairman—Dale Robertson  
Plumber—Robert Horton  
Electrician—George Nader  
House painter—Hugh O'Brian  
Paper boy—Dennis Hopper  
Next-door neighbors—James Garner, Jack Kelly  
Landlord—Tab Hunter

Now I ask you—what more could a housewife want?

MRS. SANDY MAYER  
Baltimore, Md.

## Berserk over Kirk

I have a teenage sister who is *mad* about Kirk Douglas! I don't understand why, but she is. She has been to all his movies and sometimes she takes me along. Wow!! She sure acts silly! Well, anyway, I thought if you would put an uncolored close-up photograph of him in your next magazine, I would give it to her for her birthday. Please do this for me.

NANCY  
Golden, Colo.



Kirk's picture for a fan's birthday.

## Tracy's Back

I've often wondered what had happened to actor Spencer Tracy. He's been a favorite of mine for a long time.

RUDOLPH PROBST  
South Bend, Ind.

Nothing's happened to Spence—bad, that is. He's simply relaxing a little and being more selective about movie roles. You'll want to see him in the Warner Bros. film, "The Old Man and the Sea," about which many of the critics have said: "One of the great films of our generation." Also watch for him in Columbia's film adaptation of another novel, "The Last Hurrah."

—Ed.

## Necessary to Be a Nut?

All of those "now-it-can-be-told" stories make me wonder what kind of people these so-called "idols" are. Are they expecting more success by telling these "secret" details of their lives?

They certainly don't get my vote of confidence.

MAE DORROTH  
Wisconsin

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.





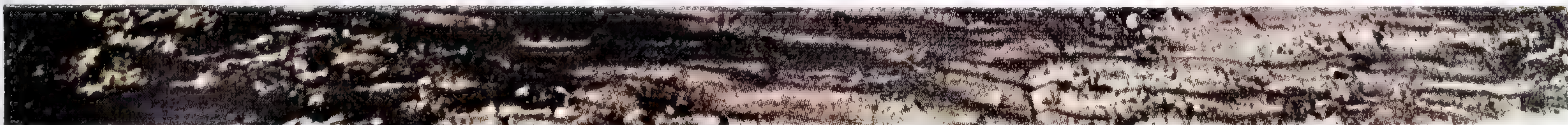
Wherever you are, whatever you do

New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center

protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



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LOUIS JOURDAN, STAR OF THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE "GIGI"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,  
You can tell by the shine of her hair.  
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,  
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern  
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible ... the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich  
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO *glorifies as it cleans*





T

was 4 weeks to Christmas in movie town

And Photoplay's mouse was scurrying 'round,

When in the post-office, amid hurly-burly,

He spotted Pat Boone mailing Christmas cards early.

"Hi, Pat," said the mouse, "we really wish you

And the stars would edit part of this issue.

Then all of the fans who read Photoplay

Would dig what you're doing up to Christmas day."

Here's the result: First, Let Stars Trim Your Tree

(cut out their cards for your friends to see).

Our mouse spied a shopper. "Who's that?" he said.

"Why—Leslie Caron—with a toy cat!" (He fled.)

Then Rick & Dave Nelson told him fans everywhere

Could Win a Christmas Present From Stars—who care.

So a gal can dazzle her fellow, the stars include

A 20-day plan to put him in that mistletoe mood.

The Lennons pull taffy, and Sal Mineo plays host

To a gang of kids who think Sal's the "most."

As a favor (and 'cause we just raised his wages)

Our mouse now will guide you through these pages.





# let the stars trim your tree

Cut out their cards  
for all to see



*The Dick Clarks*

*Pat and the Boone girls*





Jane Powell  
and the  
Nerney clan



Gale Storm  
and all the Bonnells



Bing, Kathy and "Tex"



by MARGARET O'DONNELL

*Who's that  
peeking out  
from behind  
the toy counter?  
Why—it's  
Leslie Caron*



There we were exchanging gifts—and it wasn't even Christmas! We were on an errand for Elvis Presley. He'd bought a Teddy bear (see page 26) for a Photoplay reader, then, in mid-ocean, had changed his mind.

"Would it be too much trouble," he wrote us, "to take the Teddy bear back for a bigger one—the biggest you can find?"

So there we were in Bullock's crowded toy department, looking for fuzzy Teddy bears, when a sleek, brunette head caught our eye. (Continued on page 75)





*Back in Hollywood for a whirlwind vacation, Leslie and Peter headed straight for city's toy counters to hunt Christmas gifts for Christopher and Jennifer.*

*Would the children like a lion or a tiger? "Well, we would!" says Peter. "If the kids don't play with them. Leslie can talk to them—the way Lili did."*





WIN A PRESENT  
FROM THE STARS

M  
EX



Guess what we're  
giving you for Christmas?  
—ask Rick and David





The Nelson brothers—  
Both Dave and Rick—  
Swear on their honor,  
“There is a St. Nick.  
Perhaps we were lucky,  
Perhaps it’s a dream,  
But that jolly old fellow  
Fits into our scheme.  
Yet without those fans  
That we’ve never met,  
We’d be nowhere fast,  
On that you can bet.”  
Elvis Presley was next  
To second the motion—

“Where else but from fans  
Can I get such devotion?”  
Messieurs Curtis and Perkins—  
With first names tagged Tony—  
In unison said,  
“Not to love them is phoney.”  
And quiet George Nader  
Gave a long sigh,  
“Without all the fans  
Just where am I?”  
Dick Clark added his vote  
And this was a dilly—  
“I’ve got fans, too,  
And I work out of Philly.”

Van Cliburn spoke last  
In a voice soft and tinglish,  
“I’ve got them in Russian  
And I’ve got them in English.”  
They thought and they thought.  
“Let’s do what we’re able.  
They’ve been great to us,  
So we’ll turn the table.”  
And what they decided,  
If you don’t get the gist,  
Is they want you and you  
On their Christmas list.  
But a fan is quite special,  
What gift do you give  
To show you’ll be grateful  
Just as long as you live?  
They argued and argued  
With commotion and fuss,  
Then finally decided,  
It must mean something to *us*.



### YOUR ENTRY BLANK

**Directions:** Fill in the blank on the first line with your favorite star’s name and complete the last line to rhyme with “tree.”

I’d love a gift from .....  
And I’d put it under my tree.  
Then I’d call all my pals,  
Fellows and gals—and say:

.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Paste entry blank on a postcard and mail to Win A Present  
From the Stars, Post Office Box 2354, Grand Central Station,  
New York 17, N.Y. Entry must be received by December 31.)





Tony Curtis was first  
 "I've drums that I cherish—  
 If wife, Janet, touched them  
 I think I would perish.  
 If I offered these  
 Perhaps folks would see  
 What all of their friendship  
 Has meant to me."



"Just great," said Tony Perkins  
 "That's a real great plan,  
 And I've got just the gift  
 To give to a fan.  
 I've got a young pup  
 From Pumky's litter,  
 She's paper-trained  
 And needs no sitter."



Van Cliburn was shy,  
 "Something *special* for fans—  
 Well, I've not much to offer  
 'Cept me and my hands.  
 Would it be okay  
 And perhaps in accord,  
 If I gave one of my concertos  
 On a LP record?"

*Is it Dick Clark's gift you hope to win?  
 Just turn back a page, fill the coupon in.*





Pat Boone joined them shortly  
And approved of the plan—  
“Next to my family,  
I think, comes the fan.  
I just wrote a book  
Called ‘Twixt Twelve and Twenty’—  
I’ll sign it and guarantee  
It’ll tell them all plenty.”



“The same goes for me,”  
Elvis Presley joined in,  
“Without the fans rooting  
You never could win.  
I’ll give my old pal,  
Who’s a large teddy-bear—  
He kind of looks like me  
’Cept *he* has more hair.”

Dick Clark gestured wildly,  
“I’ve got just the thing—  
An album of pictures  
Of all those who sing.  
I’ll see they are autographed  
They’d like that—the fans—  
Plus I’ll wrap all the presents  
With my own little hands.”



George Nader looked thoughtful,  
“It came into my head  
The fans will be sure  
I meant what I said,  
If I offer the locket  
That means I’m ready for ‘Hooking’—  
To let them all know  
That I haven’t stopped looking.”



Jerry Lewis dropped by,  
“I’m late and I’m sorry”—  
They gave him the pitch  
And he grinned at their story.  
“For the fans nothing’s too good,  
On this I don’t spoof,  
So they won’t be late like me  
How’s a watch—waterproof?”

Rick and Dave agreed  
The idea was great—  
“Cause, George, you’re not married  
And it’s still not too late.  
So we’ll donate a camera  
That some gal can use—  
Then send you her picture  
Maybe it’s her you’ll choose.”  
Then they made out their list  
Spending half of the day—  
And sent it to us  
Here at old Photoplay.  
With this added message:  
“None of us can rhyme,  
But to all—Merry Christmas  
And a great ‘59.”



# will you put him in that MISTLETOE MOOD?

*You have 20 days to make sure you do*

1958 DECEMBER 1958

5

25



5

Today's the day to make up your mind. Resolved: That you'll be as tempting a bit of mistletoe bait come Christmas as Carol Lynley is on the opposite page. If you don't think it's possible, ask Carol herself. She wowed us in these pictures. We'd heard that Carol had been on a diet, but there she is, all slimmed down, her hair smooth and shining, her complexion clear. It can happen to you. First, take a good long look in a full-length mirror. Like what you see? Why not? If it's a tinier waist you'd like, try this. Stand erect, feet comfortably apart. Raise right arm overhead, bend as far as you can to left, sliding left hand down back of thigh to knee. Return to starting position and repeat, bending to right. Begin with 10 bends, each side, and build to 20. You'll see results in a week.

6

Stiff? That exercise is built for speed—if not for comfort. But it'll get easier as you get more limber, and if you keep at it every night till Christmas, it will whittle an inch or two off that waistline. And while you're at it, let's exercise those mental muscles. Are they a bit stiff, too? If you're worried about being speechless on that big date, you'll find plenty of words in books. Read at least one before Christmas. Ask your library or book store for "The Once and Future King," by T. H. White, a beautiful, often funny book that retells the King Arthur legend—or try "Only in America," by Harry Golden. If you talk a blue streak, but all it adds up to is a batch of gossip, pick up today's newspaper and make it part of your daily ritual from now on. You'll find it's fun to be in the know.

7

Now, back to that mirror. Examine your skin, than which beauty is deeper. Still, blemishes will scare off even Santa. Before even thinking about makeup, start now to get enough sleep, fresh air and exercise. Just as important are plenty of lean meat, fresh fruits and vegetables, milk and whole grain cereals. No rich desserts, fried foods, spicy dishes or soda fountain treats, please. (Continued)









*Soap and water? "Never," says Sandra Dee, "not for my skin!" She pampers her complexion with gentle creams. For an oily skin, though, soap and water—lots of it—is the answer. For any skin, all the stars agree, "Keep it clean."*

Pamper dry skin with gentle creams or lotion cleanser, rich night cream and moisture lotion for day-long protection under makeup. Oily skin needs a thorough cleansing three times a day. Using a mild complexion soap, work up rich lather, massage well into skin and rinse until no speck of suds remains, with warm, then cold water.

**8** Now begin at the top—of your head, that is. To put life and shine back into your top-knot, try one hundred licks a night with a good stiff hairbrush. Start thinking about how you'll wear your hair. When you shampoo your hair and the suds are still on it, try a little soap sculpture, pushing your locks here and there to see how some of the new styles might look. Choose one only if it flatters you and is easily managed by that same you. If you're going to need a permanent, get it now, so that week-after stiffness will have vanished into a just-right soft curl. Get that new haircut now, too, so you'll have had plenty of practice combing it.

**9** Remember Ingrid Bergman in "Indiscreet"—the vibrant glow, the warm laughter, the inner poise? It comes from being yourself and liking what you are. It's not easy, so start with the surface. If you're the fresh-as-a-breeze casual type, stop straining for siren effects. Think of the people you like. Aren't they mostly people who give of themselves—give willing help, courtesy, sincere interest, thought? But you can't experiment on a newly-met romance till you've practiced first. Look interested and *be* interested in what your parents are saying. You'll be brushing up on the fine art of listening, flattering to any male and dynamite on a shy one.

**10** Don't forget the daily paper. Practice your conversation by springing the latest headline gleanings on your dad. After the first shock, he'll love it. Carol Lynley's face and figure word to you is "Walking." She claims there's nothing like the mild exercise of a walk for complexion and general body tone. It's also a chance to be alone with your thoughts, or, if you're teaming with a friend, to discuss your book. Start to get your wardrobe in shape. Make sure all buttons, hooks, snaps are where they should be. If hems are crooked or too long, fix them now. Hem slips, too, to match the new length.

**11** Now that you're practicing charm on the family, just see if it doesn't pay off. Enlist your big brother's or sister's aid in brushing up on your dancing. A couple of sessions a week should see you confidently onto the ballroom floor. More about that poised you? Philosopher William James advises that you don't smile because you're happy, but that you're happy because you smile. Turn up the corners of your mouth and see if it doesn't work. But remember, a smile that's frozen on at all times isn't convincing. Smile when you feel like it, but see if a better-looking, more-interesting you doesn't feel like it more often.

**12** If you're half the girl we think you are, you've been giving your complexion the kind of care that already shows results. Now for the fun part, selecting your evening makeup: Your artwork will start (*Continued on page 62*)





*The menu that keeps Martha Hyer's skin glowing pays dividends on the scale, too.*



*Wonder what you'll ever find to say to him? Read a good book, advises Dolores Hart. He'll find your new ideas more fun than old gossip.*

*Carol Lynley's sure to put anyone in that mistletoe mood. Yet just a few short weeks before this picture was taken, her weight was a worry. It can happen to you, too, on a 20-day beauty spree. (Satin rayon dress, sizes 5 to 15, \$25.00. For your nearest store, write to Youth Guild, 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.)*





*the LENNON SISTERS show you*

*how to have fun at an old-fashioned*

# TAFFY PULL

Did you ever think of giving an old-fashion taffy pull? We never did till our best friends, the Nagels, were going to move before Christmas and we wanted to give them a sendoff. It was Dad's suggestion.

Why do people have to move, anyway? Especially to a place called Calabasas, which I, Janet Lennon, can't even pronounce. It's terrible when you've lived next door to

people practically all your life and then they have to go away. That's the way it is with our family and the Nagels. We've always gone to school together, sung in St. Mark's Parish Choir together; even our folks belong to the same church social and study groups. And we're so alike. We all have lots of brothers and sisters and we even made our debuts on the same night at the church bazaar. (*Continued*)







*Were they ever surprised! When the Nagel girls opened their front door, there were the Lennon Sisters, doing their carolling just a wee bit early. And that was only the beginning. The very happy*

*ending was a taffy pull that turned into a tug-of-war. Dianne, Peggy and Kathy lined up behind Janet on the Lennon side. Elena had Sharron, Kathy and Maureen pulling for the Nagels.*





# TAFFY PULL

*continued*

While the Nagels didn't start singing professionally until this past year, I bet it won't be long before they're on TV and making lots of records, they're so talented.

Gosh, I wish they didn't have to go. Why, do you know, I can't remember a Christmas when we haven't gone carolling together. Now they're moving thirty miles away. I suppose that really isn't very far. But why did they have to move right before Christmas? My Daddy tried to make us feel better by joking. He (Continued on page 83)



*Three tastes apiece—and Janet's first. "Well," says she, "it wasn't me who spilled the noodle soup into the taffy!"*



*As taffy cooled, they made popcorn balls. "This what Daddy means by spooning?" clowns Peggy.*

*They were so busy talking and singing they almost forgot . . . till Kathy shrieked, "The taffy!"*





there was one line  
in the little boy's letter  
that SAL MINEO couldn't forget...





# "ME AND THE OTHER KIDS FEEL SADDEST AT CHRISTMAS"



And Sal decided to do something about it. He phoned the Maud Booth Home for Children, run by the non-profit Volunteers of America. "Can you help me?" he asked. "I'd like to come down there and give a party. . . ." This is gonna be fun, Sal decided as he hung up the phone. He latched onto a Santa suit and a tree. Then he remembered—gifts. He'd had so much fun making "Tonka," he thought maybe the kids would enjoy playing Indian, too. "Where can I get Indian outfits?" he asked the folks at the Walt Disney studios. "Just tell us where to send 'em!" came the answer. Well, you don't just play Indian, you play cowboys and . . . And what's a cowboy without his trusty rifle? Sal went to the source, the Mattel Toy Company, and they insisted on making the rifles *their* gifts. So, well-armed and with curly white beard as a disguise, Sal turned up at the home. The kids didn't recognize him at first, as Sal ho-ho-hoed and began to distribute gifts. Then an imp pulled Santa's beard. "It's Sal Mineo!" screamed the kids. It was almost better than Santa, who might not have known how to strum a guitar or fan a gun.

*At first, the kids at the Maud Booth Home didn't know the man behind the whiskers. (It was Sal.) They only knew Santa was here, carrying a big canvas bag of such great presents as toy rifles, cowboy and Indian outfits, toy guitars and extras of ice cream.*

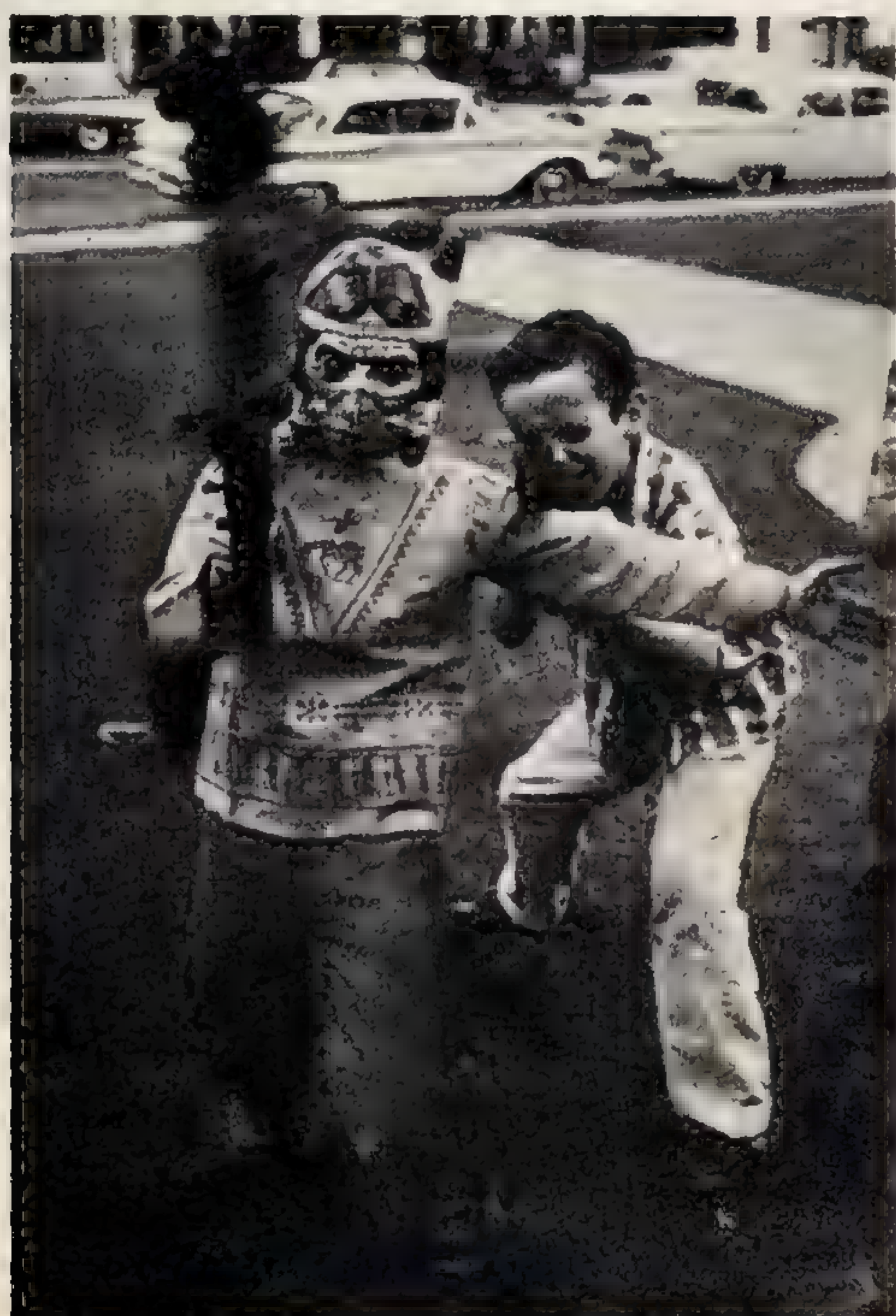




*"We know you!" cry the kids as they unmask Mr. Mineo. Then the fun began as Sal got to know and talk to each of the children, sharing their Christmas joy.*



*Most fun for music-loving Sal was teaching youngsters how to strum the guitars. Most fun for kids was playing "Stick 'em up, pardner!" out on Home's lawn, with Sal as willing victim. This Injun's really had it!*







Elvis moved restlessly on the bench at the Frankfurt airport. He looked at the special pass he had received for the afternoon. This was the first favor he'd asked since he'd been in Germany; the afternoon off so that he might be on hand when his Dad and Grandmother flew in from the States. Even though it's not every day that a fellow's family come across the ocean to visit him, he'd been reluctant to ask the C.O. for a pass. The other fellows in



**ELVIS SAID TO HIS FATHER :**

**“Dad, let’s make this  
the kind of a Christmas  
mom would have wanted”**

his barracks were just beginning to accept him as just another soldier, not a privileged character, and he didn’t want anything to spoil it. But he knew that Dad and Grandma would feel lost if he wasn’t there to greet them, so he’d asked for the pass.

Elvis suddenly got up and walked over to the flight information desk. Frankfurt is an international airport and the man at the desk, fortunately, spoke English. On days off, Elvis



*The little boy smiled at Mrs. Reynolds as he prayed: “. . . and God bless everyone . . . specially Mrs. Reynolds . . . and Dr. Jellinek . . . and Jerry Lewis.” And he told her his secret wish and said his special prayer. After that, Mrs. Reynolds made a phone call. A few days later—*

## JERRY LEWIS HELPS ANSWER A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

The little boy gripped the arms of the wheel chair and turned his head away. Now he couldn't see the jumble of letters and cards and torn gift wrappings that surrounded the other kids. But he could still hear their loud, happy voices as they jabbered away to the parents and friends who had come to visit them at the Massachusetts Lakeville Sanitarium for Handicapped Children. “So what,” he told himself. “I don't care. I don't need . . .” But he did care—oh, ever so much—and his need was even greater than any of the others'. His big brown eyes were wide with tears and they fell unheeded down his cheeks and onto the striped pajamas. He hated himself for crying, and that only made the tears come faster.

“What's the matter, Little Boy Blue?” a gentle voice asked.

The boy looked up and saw his friend, Mrs. Shaw Reynolds. He tried to answer but he just couldn't.

She touched his face lightly and her hand, as always,



felt cool and nice. He let his face cradle against her fingers and slowly his crying stopped.

“That's better,” Mrs. Reynolds said, “much better. You want to be a great jet pilot some day. And you know jet pilots don't cry. Can't see the instrument panel through tears, can you?”

“No,” said the boy, “you can't. But I'm not a pilot yet. I'll have to wait till I'm big, big like Dr. Jellinek, before I can fly. But I'm getting bigger and bigger. Why, I'll be nine years old Tuesday. Won't I?”


“Yes, you will . . . on Tuesday,” Mrs. Reynolds said. And then the little boy

looked away from her, back at the other kids.

She watched him as he watched the others. The expression on his face as he looked at the children playing with their toys, reading their cards aloud, and talking with their mothers and fathers, was heart-breaking. It was bad enough, she thought, that Little Boy Blue (the hospital records listed him simply as Francis X.) was suffering (*Continued on page 81*)

by DEE PHILLIPS



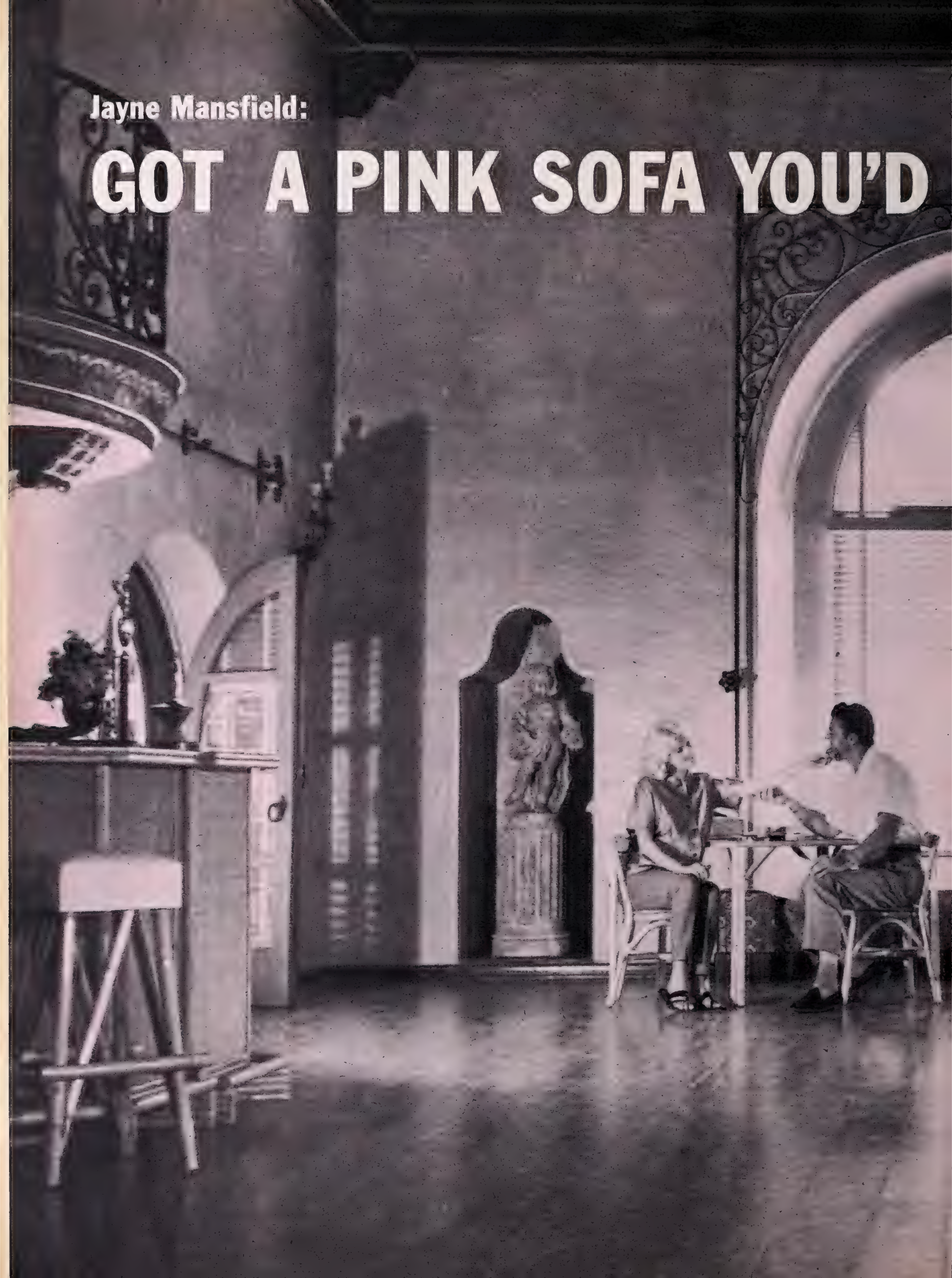


They'd sent him gifts, but what  
Jerry and his son Gary took away  
with them was even more precious.



Jayne Mansfield:

# GOT A PINK SOFA YOU'D





# LIKE TO GET RID OF?

## WANTED TO BUY:

Got a pink sofa you'd like to get rid of?

Need it for our 60 by 40 living room. Also can use all kinds of chairs, tables, beds, pictures, curtains, shelves, rugs, etc.—the crazier and more colorful the better—for our 27-room, 11-bath house. Have love, nursery things, kids and each other. Need furnishings fast. Contact Mickey Hargitay and Jayne Mansfield, Hollywood.

They had no furniture—that's what it said, right there in the papers. Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay were camping out in their Holmby Hills mansion, without so much as a bed.

Whose heart could fail to be touched? Brushing away a tear or two, Photoplay's editors called a conference. "Let's start a fund and ask for contributions. 'Help make the Hargitays' house a real home.' How's that for a slogan?"

"No, wait a minute. Probably Jayne and Mickey are too proud to take charity. Suppose we ask the readers whether they can each spare a piece of slightly used furniture—and let the kids have it for a couple of dollars? That old brass bed up in the attic, maybe. That wicker rocking chair down in the cellar. Why, if enough people pitch in, the Hargitays can have the place furnished in no time."

"Fine! Now you go out and give Jayne and Mickey the good news."

*(Continued on page 79)*


by TRICIA HURST



# DICK CLARK'S scrapbook for

# 1958

## a going...going... real gone year

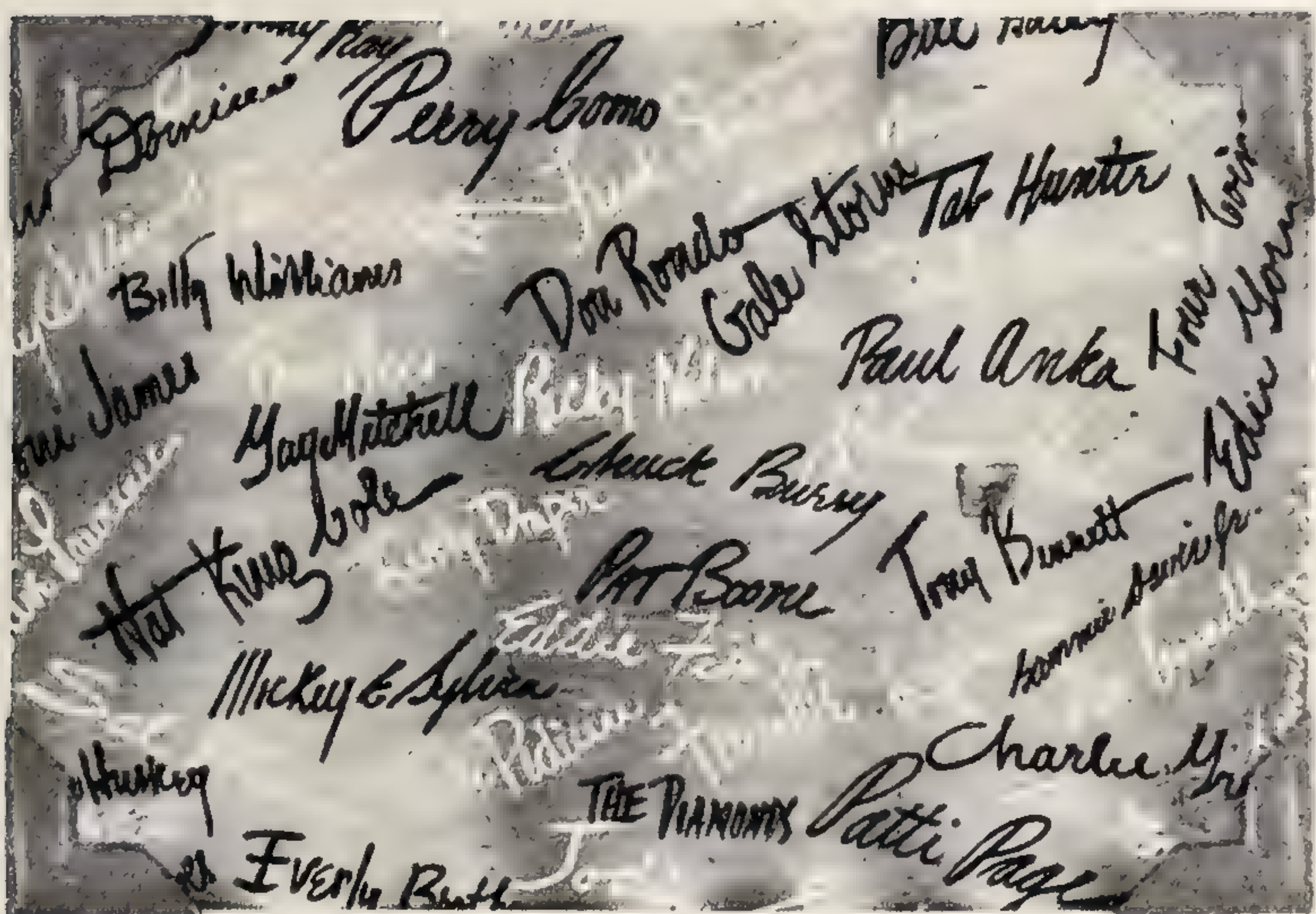


Impossible!" says Tony. "Never!"  
Marlene tells me. Even our director Ed Yates has his doubts. The crowd in the "American Bandstand" office keep trying to tell me a whole year can't pass by in just five minutes. That's okay. Let them all be old-fashioned. They can't kid me, because I know 1958 took just that long to spin by on the turntable.

1959, with no respect for its elders, isn't giving the old year much of a chance to say goodbye. Right here on my desk are about eighty new record releases . . . some dozen more have just been filed away . . . and three are on the spindle waiting for the Everly Brothers' latest (*Continued on page 70*)







They come, you saw,  
we had a ball!



Santa likes the beat, too.



Neither rain nor snow  
nor the four cent stamp  
could stop your letters.



a Valentine for me?



# DICK CLARK'S scrapbook

*continued*



*Happy Birthday, dear "Bandstand," Happy...*



*Sad note  
was losing our pet, Louis.*



*I dig album covers  
like this one by Varon.*





*Our annual dance  
contest.*

*The winners!  
Bob Clayton and  
Justine Corelli.*



*I flip over Domenico Modugno... Tommy Edwards... Sheb Wooley...*



*Ding, dong!  
Ring in the New!*

ELVIS PRESLEY F.C.'S

DEAR DICK,  
SINCE JAN. 8 IS ELVIS'S  
BIRTHDAY WE'D LIKE TO  
ASK YOU TO DEDICATE A  
PORTION OF YOUR SHOW TO  
ELVIS BY PLAYING HIS  
PAST HITS.  
IT WOULD MEAN SO MUCH  
TO ALL OF ELVIS'S LOYAL  
FANS WHO HAVE LIKED  
HIM FOR SO LONG.





**IS DADDY GOING TO BE**





**WITH US ALL THE TIME ?**





## *She'd written to Santa...now Carrie asked Debbie*

**I**t was two days after Debbie had taken her to Bullock's department store to see Santa that Carrie wrote the letter. She came into the warm rose and white living room with the paper clutched in her tight little fist.

"Mama, I need a 'tamp."

"Stamp," Debbie corrected automatically. She reached down for her little girl. "What for, lovey?"

Carrie, who had more important things to do than stand around being hugged, wiggled away. "To mail my letter," she said importantly. "Here!"

Debbie accepted the piece of paper, started to unfold it, then stopped. "May I read it?" she asked politely.

**F**ive months ago, she would have read it, assuming it was readable, without a thought. Maybe it was never too early to teach a child about privacy, but if she'd slipped up once then, Eddie could have put in a word. She could almost hear him saying to Carrie, "We always ask before we read somebody else's mail, honey."

But Eddie was no longer on hand. Anything Debbie failed to teach, Carrie might never learn. So she was being very careful indeed these days.

Now, with Carrie's permission, she studied the paper. Fourteen X's, some wiggles, and then at the bottom, in a long, proud row, six big, scraggly E's—the one letter Carrie knew how to print.

And she had learned it last week, from Eddie.

Debbie had found errands to do, on the day Eddie came for their daughter. By the time she returned, Carrie was back, too, rosy and contented on the living room rug.

"Hi!" Debbie had called out, lifting Todd out of his carriage and into the playpen. Then, carefully, "How is Daddy? Did you have a nice time?"

Carrie nodded vigorously. "Look! Daddy showed me how!"

She was printing "E" across a pad. "Now I can write," she announced. Her chubby little

fingers gripped the pencil as if she were afraid it would run away. Her hand moved with infinite care. First a line down, then a bottom, then a top. Then a middle—well, almost in the middle. Her face glowed with pride.

"That's wonderful, darling," Debbie had cried. "How did you happen to think of it?"

**B**ut Carrie was too busy to answer. And suddenly Debbie's joy faded. Probably Carrie didn't even know how. Only Eddie knew. Only Eddie. And now, forever, there'd be no more cozy talks at night, cuddled together in the great big chair—the chair they'd bought because that was the only way to sit in it, cuddled together—no more telling each other what each one had thought or had seen the children do.

All that was in the past now.

And so, Debbie had thought with sudden bitterness, all our lives there'll be things I don't know about Carrie and Todd, because Eddie will hold the keys.

It was a hard thought, not calculated to help in what everyone kept calling her "wonderful adjustment." She had pushed it away. Now, as she stared at Carrie's scribble to Santa Claus, it came back. And with it came another thought, even worse, because it carried so many memories—of wrapping paper and secret shopping trips, of presents hidden in corner closets, or whispering and laughter and surprise, of the first wonderful Christmas after Carrie was born.

But Christmas was coming again, and she couldn't put it off any longer.

"Carrie," she said slowly, "honey, have you thought what you want to send Daddy for Christmas?"

Across the room, Carrie looked up, puzzled. Finally, she shook her head.

"Well, you think about it," Debbie said. "Maybe a nice sweater. Would you rather get red or blue?"

You mustn't give a child too many choices,



## *the hardest thing of all*

she thought. If you do, she won't understand.

But the frown deepened on Carrie's round face. She rubbed her hand on her forehead. And all of a sudden Debbie knew that her daughter was struggling with her child's mind against some problem bigger than red-or-blue, something much too big to solve alone. She almost ran to Carrie. She caught her up in her arms.

"What is it, baby? What's wrong? Tell Mamma."

And into her hair, her face hidden, Carrie whispered, "Mamma, is Daddy going to be with us all the time? Isn't he going to be with us any more?"

**F**or a moment, Debbie stood quietly, breathlessly still. So it had come at last, the question she had been dreading more than anything else since the night Eddie left home. It had come at last and it had to be answered because Carrie needed to know. But how? What was she to say?

"Someday she'll grow up and read it in the papers, won't she?" a friend had said to Debbie. "She might as well know right now that her Daddy has left her."

"No," Debbie had cried. But afterwards she began to wonder. Mightn't it save anguish later if Carrie's heart belonged all to her? She could be mother *and* father to her children if she tried. But still, even if she were to tell Carrie the truth, what was the truth? How could she put into red-blue terms things she herself didn't understand?

**C**arefully, she carried Carrie back toward the sofa. "That's a hard question to answer," she began. "You see—your Daddy . . ."

Her voice trailed away. Carrie lifted her head and looked at her mother. But Debbie's eyes were not on her child. They were fixed somewhere else, somewhere far away. And what they saw was not the present but a moment out of the past. (Continued on page 61)



*"My Daddy loves me," Carrie thought. Debbie always told her that and so had Eddie, on that lovely, too-short visit.*



*I guess I'm foolish knocking myself out...*

*hoping she'll come back...*

*hoping she'll love me...*

*praying for a miracle.*

*I guess it's all over.*

# ***G**uess things happen that way*

It was the kiss that did it.

Oh, I had met her a couple of months before in Hollywood, and there was a ticklish sensation in my throat when I saw her. She wasn't beautiful in an Ava Gardner kind of way. She was short with dark hair fluffed softly around her face and with ordinary features. But there was a sweet warmth about her and a low, furry voice that made my spine tingle.

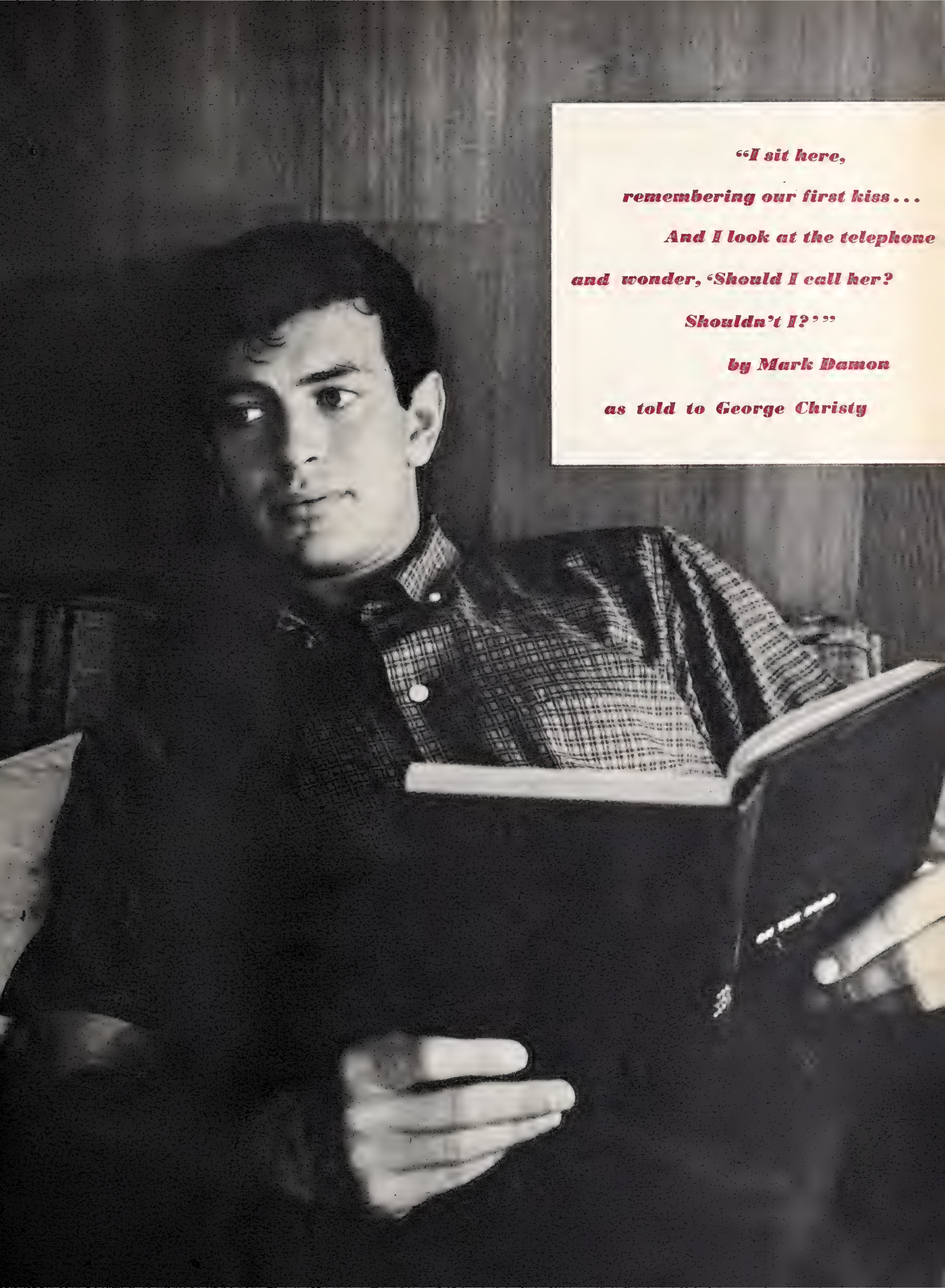
When I ran into her again a couple months later in New York, something in my heart said, "Come on, Mark, don't be scared, take a chance," and I did and asked her for a date. We decided to meet the next day since we both had our afternoons free. Nei-

ther of us was working. We were both interested in acting and had come to New York to study.

Why am I telling you all this? Well, I want you to see what happens to a guy when he falls in love and the ending doesn't turn out at all the way he'd planned.

It was summer, early summer, and the simmering noonday sun of June blazed down upon the streets and sidewalks; and, fools that we were, we met in the heat of the day and went walking along the shady side of Fifth Avenue all the way up to the famous Metropolitan Museum. We tried to guess the names of the different trees (Continued on page 77)





***"I sit here,  
remembering our first kiss . . .***

***And I look at the telephone  
and wonder, 'Should I call her?***

***Shouldn't I?' "***

***by Mark Damon***

***as told to George Christy***



by NINA LARAINÉ

*For nine years the marriage of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake  
seemed made in heaven, then suddenly they parted . . .*

**"we'll always  
love each other but..."**

Five minutes. Five minutes on a brilliant August day in 1949. Long enough to tell a story, watch a sunset, buy a handful of flowers. Long enough for Cary Grant and Betsy Drake to fall in love.

And nine years later, on an October day in the middle of a Hollywood heatwave, they insisted they were still in love. But in the next five searing minutes, they sat here together and composed an epitaph for their marriage.

Cary Grant fell in love in five minutes with a plain little girl he didn't know, who wore horn-rimmed glasses and sensible shoes. He fell in love with her in a ship's dining salon through which Elizabeth Taylor had

walked not five minutes before, in which Merle Oberon sat chatting across the table from him.

For a few minutes he saw not one of them. He saw only Betsy Drake.

What was to happen after that neither of them could possibly have imagined. . . .

The Queen Mary was five days out to sea. Cary Grant was on his way home from a holiday in England, where he was born. He had been renewing old friendships—and forgetting the newest of his bad memories. But in forgetting, he could not make them disappear. He smoked too much and drank too much. He stayed up too late at night and had too much trouble (Continued on page 72)







ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **PARIS**



**Jacqueline Huet**—lovely, glamorous, busy! The devoted mother of a young daughter, she is also a successful stage actress and a popular television personality. Her proudest television achievement—a special

show for children she writes herself! "I often feel tired," she says, "I must never show it. I find Pond's Cold Cream acts almost like a 'tr. quizer'—keeps my skin soft and smooth all day long."

## SHE'S BUSY YET SHE'S BEAUTIFUL... SHE USES POND'S

● Pond's Cold Cream replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away

● Moisturizes below the surface, and goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off

● Beautifies as it cleanses, gives your complexion a lovely dewy softness all day



Use Pond's to deep-clean at night—to moisturize your make-up all day

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL



# 6 days before love died

Less than a week before Anna Kashfi Brando decided to divorce Marlon, Photoplay talked to the Brandos in their hilltop home. Here's what they said and how they acted

**N**ear the end of September, just six days before Anna Kashfi Brando tearfully told reporters that her marriage to Marlon was at an end, I rang the bell at 12900 Mulholland Drive where the Brandos lived. A maid opened the door. Right behind her was Marlon himself, with his baby son, Christian, slung over his shoulder.

I looked at Marlon and he looked at me. His hair was tousled, as if he'd been romping with his child. And he seemed sleepy-eyed, with that special kind of dazed expression a father gets when he's been pacing up and down all night trying to quiet a baby.

He was wearing a short-sleeved, knit T-shirt, dirty slacks and sandals. His casual-sloppy dress should have clashed violently with the dazzling porcelain and chrome kitchen we were in (I had threaded my way around Marlon's two-door gray Ford, vintage '53 or '54 and *(Continued on page 64)*)

by EARLE HAWLEY





# this page is yours



**Meredith Lynn MacRae, fourteen,  
tells what happens  
when "THE SECRET" comes out**



*Singers Jan and Arnie helped as "bartenders" at the soft-drink bar. We had dancing, too, and some of Daddy's friends turned out to be pretty good at it.*



*We gave Daddy a giant replica of "The Secret" in honor of his first record with a real beat. There'll be more, he says now. That's my mom, Sheila, at left.*

I'll have to confess—though my Daddy is Gordon MacRae, singer and actor, I didn't have any of his records in my collection. Oh, I think Daddy has the most divine voice, but . . . well, songs like "Soliloquy" from "Carousel" just don't have that beat. So when I first heard Daddy's record of "The Secret," I flipped! In fact, I gave a party for Daddy. I asked the kids I go to Buckley School with, and then I invited Daddy's friends, too. For the "older set," we had hors d'oeuvres and cocktails and soft piano music. For my gang, we had a soft-drink bar and a jukebox. Our party was at the California Racquet Club, but with fewer people, our own living room would have been just as much fun. Daddy says his next record with a beat may be "Get Off the Phone, Suzie"—dedicated to yours truly!



# DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 53

It had been a sunny day. The sky was a shimmering blue, there wasn't a trace of smog in the California morning air, and there were still two weeks before school opened again. A perfect day.

And yet, right in the middle of the wonderful day, sitting on her front step—a little girl named Mary Frances Reynolds was crying as if her heart would break. Even her pigtails were limp with misery.

She had been sitting there twenty minutes when her mother came up the street, arms full with the day's shopping. At the sound of her footsteps, Mary Frances jumped up to catch her and hold her, and bury her face in her skirt.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

"It's not fair," Mary Frances sobbed. "It's not fair. . . ."

Mrs. Reynolds took her into the house, washed her face, smoothed her hair, till the tears stopped coming and the eyes took on a hopeful look. After all, Mama could solve anything.

"Mama," Mary Frances said at last, "they—they won't let me play with them. And it's not fair. I can play almost as good."

"Who, honey?"

Mary Frances gulped. "All those—those old boys. An'—and Bill, too. He said I couldn't."

"Your brother Bill? What did he say you couldn't play?"

Mary Frances' eyes brimmed over with tears again. "Football!" she wailed.

Then she reached for her mother's hand. "I wouldn't care, I wouldn't even care—only I don't know why. I'm nearly as good as they are, honest. It isn't fair. Why won't they?"

Mrs. Reynolds considered. "Well, because boys are just like that. Anyway, you don't want to play football, honey. It's too rough."

"But I do," Mary Frances sobbed. "I do. Why won't they let me?"

Mrs. Reynolds stood up. She reached for her little girl's hand. "I'll tell you what," she said finally. "Never having been a little boy, I can't tell you. But if you'll dry your eyes and come help me fix lunch—when your Daddy comes home, you can ask him."

"Oh," Mary Frances said, her eyes wide. "Oh, sure."

At twelve-thirty her father came home. At five to one, Mrs. Reynolds disappeared tactfully into the kitchen, and Mary Frances turned to her father. "Daddy, why—?"

Her father listened gravely to her tale of woe. Then he began to talk. To tell her about little boys, about how they really did like girls only they were too young to know it yet, about how some day they would be proud to be seen with Mary Frances but right now they were afraid the other boys would call them sissy. Then he stood up. "I have an idea, sweetie. The other boys couldn't call them sissy for playing with you if you were the best football player on the block."

"No," Mary Frances said doubtfully. "But—I'm, well, I'm not that good."

"What you need," said her father, "is some practice."

He didn't have the easiest job in the world; he often liked to take a nap after lunch. But for the rest of the summer, he got up from lunch every day with a football under his arm, and in the back yard of the Reynolds' house—he taught his little girl to play.

The strange thing was—she never did become the best football player on the

block. She never did get, except on very rare occasion, to play with the boys. And somehow it didn't matter at all. Maybe because she understood a little better now why she couldn't. Maybe because school began again and her life was crowded with other things. But mostly because when her Daddy was there, to play with her, to talk to her, to tell her things—she didn't need anything else. Those were the very best two weeks of her whole childhood—and it didn't have anything to do with playing football!

"Just because he was there," Debbie Reynolds found herself whispering out loud, her eyes wet with sudden tears.

"What?" Carrie demanded. "What, Mommy?"

Her voice brought Debbie out of the past. She stared down at her own daughter—only a few years younger than she had been when Bill wouldn't let her play. "But it's not the same," she said. "My father came home every day. Eddie—Eddie's given all that up. How do I know he'll be around when Carrie needs him? Maybe it would be better if she didn't hope and take a chance of being disappointed."

Carrie gazed around the room. "Mommy, who you talking to?"

"To myself, darling," Debbie said. She swept Carrie into her arms. "Come on. I'll make you some lunch."

But all day, as she went about the business of living—the strange, lonely business of living without a husband—it haunted her. *Mommy, isn't Daddy going to be with us always?*

## YOUR POSTMASTER SAYS:

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I have to tell her 'no,' she thought. It would be a lie to say 'yes.' You shouldn't ever lie to a child. I'll make it up to them alone.

But the memories kept flooding in. Silly things, little things. Herself and her mother, waving goodbye to Daddy and Bill as they went out to some forgotten place. She had been a little disappointed at not going—and yet, it made her feel somehow like a woman instead of a child to be left, like a woman, at home—to see her menfolks off. Other things. Bill's face, flushed with pride, saying to a friend, "Wantcha to meet my Dad. . . ." Her mother's voice. "Wait a while. Daddy will fix it when he comes home." Her loneliness when her father went away on a short trip, the feeling that nothing was really right till he came back. Her own voice, chanting through the house, "Daddy's home, Daddy's home, Daddy's home!"

And then, abruptly, the memories stopped. There was something wrong with that last one—something—odd. For a moment Debbie Reynolds stood stock still, trying to place it.

And then she knew.

That high, happy voice out of the past hadn't been hers at all. It was Carrie's voice, her own baby's voice—and she had sung that way when Eddie came home from a night club tour or a business trip or even from a poker game—"Daddy's home, Daddy's home, Daddy's home!" And with it—Todd's joyous laughter, the rosy little arms stretched out to meet Eddie,

and Eddie himself, his face alight with happiness, stooping for his babies, swinging them into the air, digging in his pockets for presents, asking, "Did you miss me, hey? Glad to have me back?" It might have been a lie that Eddie was living all that time with her, Debbie. But his love for his babies had been no lie—no lie at all.

And now the memories were different, suddenly. Eddie's voice instead of her father's, calling twice a day on the long distance phone: "Has that tooth of Todd's started to come through yet? Did you try rubbing his gums some more? How's Carrie's skinned knee? If she's still up, let me say hello. I can't go to sleep without saying good night to my baby. . . ." Eddie changing Todd, feeding him, laughing at pureed carrots on his new jacket, Eddie leaning over a crib to sing his child to sleep, or having the phone placed nearby so he could do it from three thousand miles away.

They were good memories. And they had, suddenly, a very special meaning. They meant that her children, Carrie and Todd, were used to living with separation as she, Debbie, had never been. What would have broken her heart entirely was something they could get used to—if she handled it right. They could still have their father, still leave her free to be only what she knew how to be—a mother. There could, if she would let it be a man's hands, a man's voice in their lives, there could be Todd saying with pride someday: "This is my father."

Or there could be loneliness and shame and disappointment.

There could be Eddie's heart, broken—and her own, torn with bitterness shared with her babies.

And it wasn't necessary—not at all. Because her children hadn't been lost and miserable when Eddie was away, only happy when he came home. And they could go on being happy, just that way.

Debbie Reynolds looked at her watch. In fifteen minutes, Carrie would be getting up from her nap. In fifteen minutes Debbie would go upstairs to her and put her arms around her, and answer the question that had been so hard—and now was suddenly so easy. In words that a child could understand, she would tell her:

"Darling, you remember when Daddy used to go away on a trip? But no matter where he was, he went on loving you and thinking about you and waiting to see you again. Well, it's the same way now. Daddy isn't going to live in this house anymore. But he'll come to see you, he'll sing to you, he'll love you and Todd just like always. Because nothing can ever change that. You wanted to know if Daddy's going to be with you always. Well, the answer is yes. Because it isn't where a person is that counts. It's where his heart is. When you have that, you have everything."

Maybe some of it would be over Carrie's head. Maybe she wouldn't understand it all. It didn't matter. All that mattered was that the answer would be 'yes'—and it wouldn't be a lie. The rest could come later, with time and patience—and for the sake of her own love for her father, for the good that she wanted for Carrie and Todd—she would see that what came later would be free from bitterness and hurt.

With a lighter heart than she had had in days, Debbie Reynolds turned to go to the nursery, to wake her daughter from her nap—to answer the most important question in the world.

—CHARLOTTE DINTER

BE SURE TO SEE DEBBIE IN M-G-M'S "THE MATING GAME" AND EDDIE ON "THE EDDIE FISHER SHOW," ALTERNATE TUESDAYS, 8 TO 9 P.M. E.S.T., ON NBC-TV.



# Tape this calendar to your mirror and follow it to

(Continued from page 32)

with the right shade of foundation and face powder. This, no matter what your daytime shade, is pink-y, or rose-toned, for flattery under artificial lights. If your hair and eyes are light, choose makeup in a shade darker than your natural skin tone. With dark hair and eyes, lighter than skin tone makeup. For a pearly, luminous finish, choose powder that is a shade lighter than foundation.

## 13

No giggling or cackling, please. Make sure your laugh is fun to hear. In fact, be sure *you* are fun to hear. Lower your voice and have it come from as deep in your throat as you can manage. Avoid nasal qualities, pronounce your words distinctly, and think before you speak. Carroll Baker, or Jean Simmons in "The Big Country," are excellent examples of lady-like, easy-on-the-ears speech. For getting out of that corner and meeting everyone at the party, Dolores Hart suggests: "Try passing the hors d'oeuvres (or the franks). With a ready smile and the tray offered, you'll discover that everyone's delighted to see *you*."

## 14

By now, you should be doing 20 bends to each side. Keep at it, and you'll lose as much as one or two inches by Christmas. Keep at the wardrobe, too. Send soiled things to the cleaner and march any rundown heels off to the shoemaker. Try a rubdown of saddle soap followed by a "shoeshine" on your handbags. To get your hands in shape for holding, begin using hand lotion morning and at night. Apply some, too, to your elbows and the backs of your heels to soften and smooth them. And if you're a career or school girl, the fingers that grip the pen can become badly stained. Rub with cut lemon, watch the stains disappear.

## 15

Hair beginning to shine? It should if you've been faithful. You should be looking lovelier than ever before, so stand up as tall as you can. Hold your head high, your chin up, your shoulders back and your tummy in. Try this nightly exercise, a great relaxer for tense neck and back muscles. Loll your head around in a circle slowly, then turn it slowly side to side, breathing deeply. Do something unexpected, like surprising your guy with a letter made up of words

clipped from papers, magazines, or hint for an utterly different Christmas gift—say a Japanese print or a single perfect rose or a recording of Marianne Moore's poems. Test yourself: Try describing your likes in 30 words.

## 16

Your foundation and powder are meant to provide a creamy background for the real excitement—eye makeup and lipstick. These can harmonize with your dress: For blue or green, choose eye shadow, liner and mascara to match, lipstick in a pale, luminous color. With any shade of pink, red or orange, match lipstick carefully to dress, mascara and eyeliner to your eyes, and, for a touch of dazzle, frosted silver or gold shadow. If you're wearing black or white, choose really red lipstick, silvery eye shadow, mascara and liner to blend with your hair. Match nail polish to lipstick or frosted eye shadow for that fancy finish.

## 17

Time to treat yourself to a lift. Check your wardrobe first on what's really needed for the dates and parties ahead. Would a brightly colored Empire belt give that old dress the spark it needs? Would a fuzzy mohair scarf revamp another outfit? Are a pair of tinted-to-match stockings just the extra touch your party dress needs? When you're shopping, plan on something that will startle *him*—perhaps a pair of madly striped leotards to peek out from your skirt on that casual houseparty or movie date—anything so long as it's different, flattering proof for him you're a gal of many parts.

## 18

Even if he isn't consciously aware of your perfume, the reaction is there! Choose the scent you like best—it's almost always the one that best reflects your personality. But, because individual body chemistry subtly changes the fragrance, use the testers at cosmetic counters and always try perfume on your own skin. As a foundation for your perfume, spray or splash on matching toilet water generously and all over. Add perfume at your temples, throat, inside your wrists, in the bend of your elbows. If you're going dancing, use perfume on your palms—and the inside hem of dress. You'll move in a whirl of fragrance that's sure to go straight to his head and keep you on his mind.



# a Merry Christmas—and your very own gift of beauty

19

American girls are the world's best-dressed, best-looking females, says Jacques Bergerac. He's a globe-trotter and should know. "But when they arrive at a party," he complains, "they just stand there, as if they were saying 'I'm beautiful, fall for me.' Why don't they show a warm, genuine interest in somebody else?" Think about that while you're exercising—20 times to a side now. To better show your interest, you'll want expressive eyebrows. In shaping them, pluck hairs between brows and from underneath, following the natural line just as closely as you possibly can.

20

You're a female, so be feminine. Don't forget about deodorants, they're doubly important for the exciting days ahead. Your legs will look sleeker if you use a depilatory or a razor. If you decide on shaving, dampen and soften hair first with lather. Then shave from the ankle up, holding razor firmly and pressing gently against skin. Take your time, especially at curves, ankle and shin bones. If you do nick yourself, a bit of tissue paper will take care of bleeding. Apply hand lotion afterwards to soften skin.

21

Decide when your hair looks and behaves best—two or three days after washing or immediately after. Schedule your pre-party shampoo accordingly. From now on, get in the holiday mood by wearing only the clothes that are flattering and fun. Take a tip from Sandra Dee and the manners she displayed in "The Reluctant Debutante." In your new, softer voice, practice the pleases, pardons and thank-yous on your family. The little courtesies can make you feel so-o-o feminine. So why not wait for him to open the door or help you out of the car. Act like a lady and he'll rush to treat you like one. So begin today—right now.

22

Have fun with color—but remember that when you're choosing a hue your skin tones are as important as your hair coloring. A dark skin, whether topped by blond or brunette hair, can turn sallow with yellow or too-dead neutrals. Brighten the grays and beiges with touches of white or pastels,

or that always-right strand of pearls. And remember that the colors grandmother would never have mixed are now the height of fashion when they're put together—brown with black, blue with green, sundry shades of orange, pink and red. Anything Van Gogh did you can do.

23

Have a dress rehearsal, from head to toe, and then heed these words from Martha Hyer: "A smartly dressed woman stands before the mirror before she goes out—and then takes off something, a pin or necklace or frou-frou too much." Rescue your possessions from the cleaner's and shoemaker's and make sure everything's in good order—underthings laundered, dress clean and pressed, hemline straight, buttons secure, shoes heeled and polished, gloves spanking fresh, jewelry clasps working. Inspection passed? Then retire to the last chapters of your book and a good night's rest.

24

Ready or not, here it comes. If your heart is light, your head filled with ideas for talk, you're ready. Your legs should be sleek, your waist whittled, your elbows smooth. Your hair should shine, your nose should not. Give yourself plenty of time to bathe, make up and dress. Try this model's tip from Carol Lynley: When you're ready to slip on your dress, protect makeup and hairdo by tying a scarf sack-like around your face and head. If he brings you flowers—and you deserve them—pin them to your bra strap for security. Or, if the bosom of your dress is too detailed, wear them at waist. And have fun! You look beautiful!





# MARLON BRANDO

Continued from page 59

past Anna's two-door, '58, salmon-colored Chevy, to get to the side entrance of the house; that's why we were in the kitchen), but somehow it didn't. Maybe it was because the baby's bottle was warming in a saucepan on the oversized range; or maybe it was the way Marlon was jiggling the child on his shoulder; or perhaps it was just that he was relaxed and *at home*. Anyhow, the scene seemed exactly right.

Marlon carefully shifted Christian from his right shoulder to his left, cradling the back of the child's head as he did so to give the maximum support. He murmured something to the baby and the infant gurgled. Marlon laughed. He motioned to the maid to take Christian into the living room. Then he turned to me.

I stuck out my hand and introduced myself. He took my hand and grasped it firmly. I explained that I had an appointment to interview his wife, and added that I'd like very much to interview him, too. For a moment he didn't say a word. He walked over to the stove and turned the gas off under the baby's bottle. Then he looked at me and said, "I'm sorry. I never give personal interviews." I tried to make him change his mind, but he just smiled, shook his head no, and showed me into the living room.

At the doorway we stopped and Marlon gestured towards some soft Japanese sandals on the floor. I took off my shoes and slipped into the sandals. As I stood up again, a very pretty, dark-haired girl, Anna Kashfi Brando, came across the room toward me, sort of balancing Christian on one hip. She was wearing white shorts, a green and white striped blouse, open at the neck, and was barefoot (although her toenails were painted with silver polish). We introduced ourselves and she invited me to sit down.

Meanwhile, Marlon had gone into the kitchen and returned with the baby's bottle. Anna had seated herself on a huge teakwood chair which had brilliant red brocaded upholstery. There was another like it a few feet away from Anna's, at one of the corners of a large, square teakwood coffee table, and I sat down. Christian began to kick his legs and wave his arms. Marlon quickly gave Anna the bottle and she eased it gently into the baby's mouth. They both watched the infant until it was feeding contentedly. Then Marlon excused himself and left the room.

Anna said something to me but I couldn't hear what she said. I suddenly realized the hi-fi set was going full blast. Through the noise I gathered she was saying, "Marlon forgets to turn it off"—and I went over and flicked off the switch. On the way back, I noticed how soft and white the throw rugs on the floor were, and how highly polished the black-painted plank flooring seemed. In one corner I saw a tall pile of square pillows with Japanese symbols on them, and next to these two small, wooden headrests for guests to lean on when they sat on the pillows. But most of all, I noticed Anna and the baby, the way she gazed down tenderly at the child, the way the infant fixed his eyes on her face.

Now that the hi-fi set was no longer blaring, the soft tinkle of Japanese temple bells could be heard from the Oriental garden outside. From the living room, the rocks in the garden, with their Japanese inscriptions, looked like waves. Once in a while the babble of the little stream that ran under the bridges in the

garden fused with the tinkle of the temple bells. All was peaceful, outside and inside, all was calm.

"Isn't he a wonderful baby?" Anna asked, breaking the silence.

I nodded and said that she and the baby were something out of a painting, a Madonna and Child in a Japanese setting.

"They say motherhood becomes a woman," she replied, smiling shyly.

"How much does he weigh now?" I asked.

"About fourteen pounds, I think. And he's not four months old yet. He was just seven pounds, five ounces when he was born." And then she added, proudly, with a quick smile. "But he has an awfully big appetite."

For a while she chatted on about formulas, and sleeping habits, and breast-feeding versus bottle-feeding. "I breast fed him for about a month," she said. "It's supposed to be better for them. But then I got upset by something. And after that I developed a kidney infection and I had to stop. I felt so close to him while I was feeding him by breast. I hated to stop."

When she said "got upset by something," the expression on her face changed completely, as if a cloud were momentarily passing over the sun. I started to question her about it, but changed my mind and asked instead, "And how about Marlon? Have you initiated him into the mysteries of fatherhood?"

Anna laughed. "I certainly have. He's even learned how to change diapers. He's a wonderful daddy. You should see him with the baby. He cuddles Christian, he plays with him, he talks to him. Honestly, there are times when he ignores me completely and only pays attention to the baby."

Again her smile faded for a second, and then she went on. "Marlon had brought home all kinds of stuffed animals for him—elephants, dogs, cats, Teddy bears. And one enormous lion that's several times bigger than the baby."

The bottle slipped from Christian's mouth. She eased it up again for him. He began to drink once more.

"Marlon gets home from the studio about seven and goes straight to the baby's room," she continued. "He lifts him up in the air, he tickles him, he sings and coos to him—I can't get him out of there until the baby falls asleep. Then he first says hello to me and we have supper."

Christian had finished his bottle. Anna raised him to her shoulder and began steadily patting his back. He made a sound that I barely heard but his mother laughed. "That does it," she said, and perched him on her knee.

"Are you ready for nap time now," she asked. "Are you full, little baby? Did you have enough to eat?" Christian waved his arms excitedly, trying to catch Anna's face in his hands.

As I tagged along with Anna and the baby to the nursery, I got a quick, unofficial tour of the house. The dining room was small, with a very low table in the center where guests kneel down to eat. The Brandos' bedroom was all done in mauve tones. The one striking piece of furniture in it was the large, Emperor-size, double bed, low to the floor, with a delicately carved, ivory panel fitted in the headboard. The nursery itself was a converted den where Christian was separated from his parents' bedroom by screens. In fact, the entire house was filled with these beautiful hand-painted Japanese screens. They were lovely.

Back in the living room, after the baby had been put to bed, we talked about Marlon. "He loves children," Anna said, "he loves them very much." For a moment she stopped and looked out at the garden. We could both hear the temple bells ring-

ing in the Japanese dwarf tree. Then she continued, but the tone of her voice had changed. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but I don't think so. Now it was a little pensive; yes, and a little desperate. "We hope to have more children. Boys and girls. Lots of them." And then her voice trailed off almost to a whisper.

She changed the subject abruptly. "Marlon lets me do anything I want," she asserted. From the way she said it, I couldn't tell whether she was pleased about this, or complaining. Then she went on to talk about a variety of things: the role she was playing in a new M-G-M picture, "Night of the Quarter Moon"; the way newspapers handle stories about Hollywood marriages; the stupidity of racial prejudice; and much more. But all the time she was talking, skipping from one topic to another, I had the strange feeling that she was talking *at* me and not *to* me, that somehow she just wasn't there. Once she jumped as she heard the sputtering sound of a car starting outside. "It can get so lonesome up here," she said. "I can never get used to it."

The maid interrupted us by bringing in some Japanese green tea. It was very good.

When we'd finished, Anna returned to her "loneliness" theme. During the summer, while Marlon had been busy making "One-Eyed Jacks," a picture in which he stars, and which he has largely written, directed and produced himself. Anna had taken a course in Philosophy at U.C.L.A. She rode to classes with Phyllis Hudson; and Phyllis was a frequent caller at the Brando home, offering Anna companionship when Marlon was away.

"The philosophy course was fun," Anna said, "and I hope to take more. If I'm not tied up on a picture—and of course, if I'm not tied down too much with the baby at home—I'd like to take other classes."

But this was getting far away from Anna and Marlon, so I asked, "Do you and Marlon have a chance to get out much now?"

"We can get out occasionally," she said. "Did I tell you about our visits to the new 'beat generation' hangouts?"

It seemed she and Marlon had recently visited two of these sawdust strewn clubs, one, called "Cosmo Alley," in a Hollywood back alley, the other, "The Unicorn," on the Sunset Strip.

"I saw all those girls with their long, dirty hair, and with tons and tons of black eye shadow. And we saw one skeleton-like old man reading poetry to a jazz background. He looked like he was dead."

"You don't dig this 'Beat Generation' then?" I asked.

"Not at all. I think it's a lot of hooey. As far as I'm concerned, what those 'beats' seem to need most of all is a good bath."

Anna sort of shuddered as she said this, as if the memory of the "characters" in the "beat dives" was something very distasteful to her.

"What about Marlon?" I asked. "Does he dig that kind of people?"

For a moment she hesitated and then answered, "I don't think so. No, I'm sure. He doesn't like them." The way she said it, it sounded like she was trying hard to convince herself.

It had grown dark outside. In the kitchen I could hear the maid preparing dinner. There were no sounds from any other part of the house. Just the bustling in the kitchen and the soft tinkle of the temple bells outside.

Anna walked with me to my car. The ground outside the house was still hot, but it didn't seem to bother her, although her feet were still bare.

Continued on page 66



# HELPFUL BOOKS

*For the homemaker*

## THE MODERN BOOK OF MARRIAGE

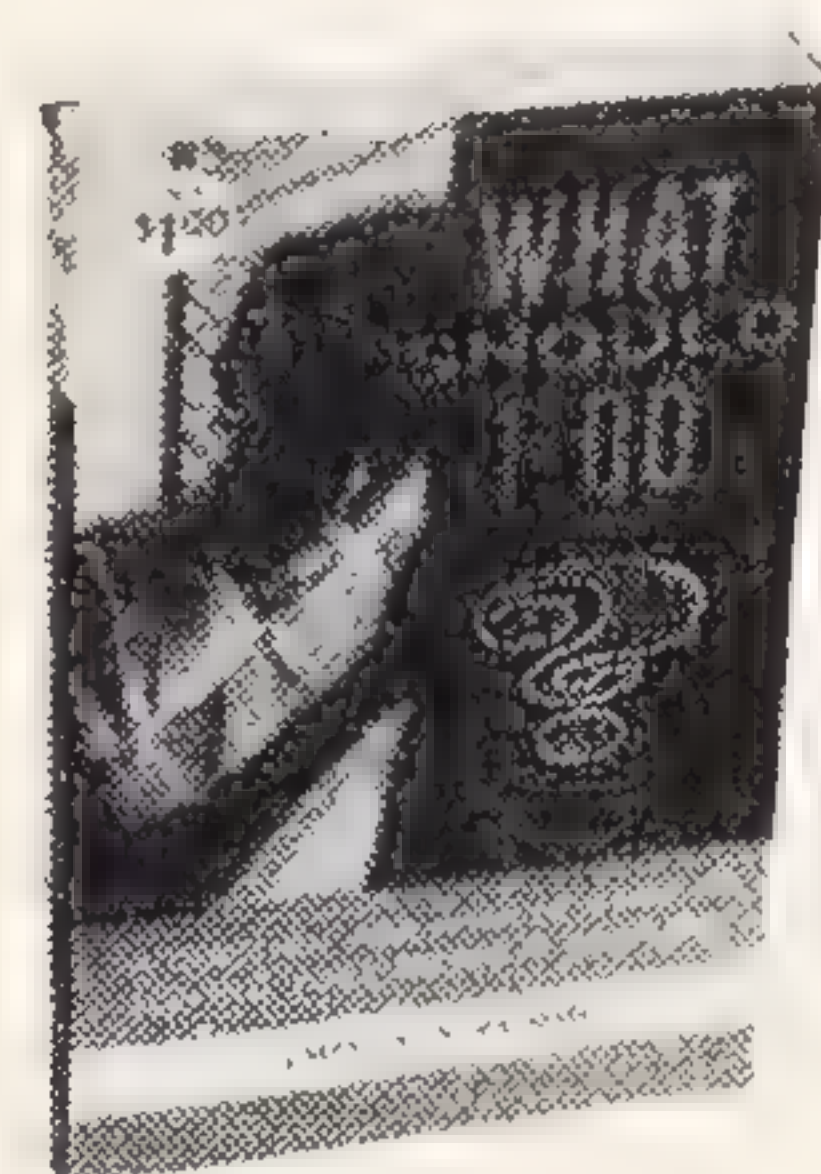
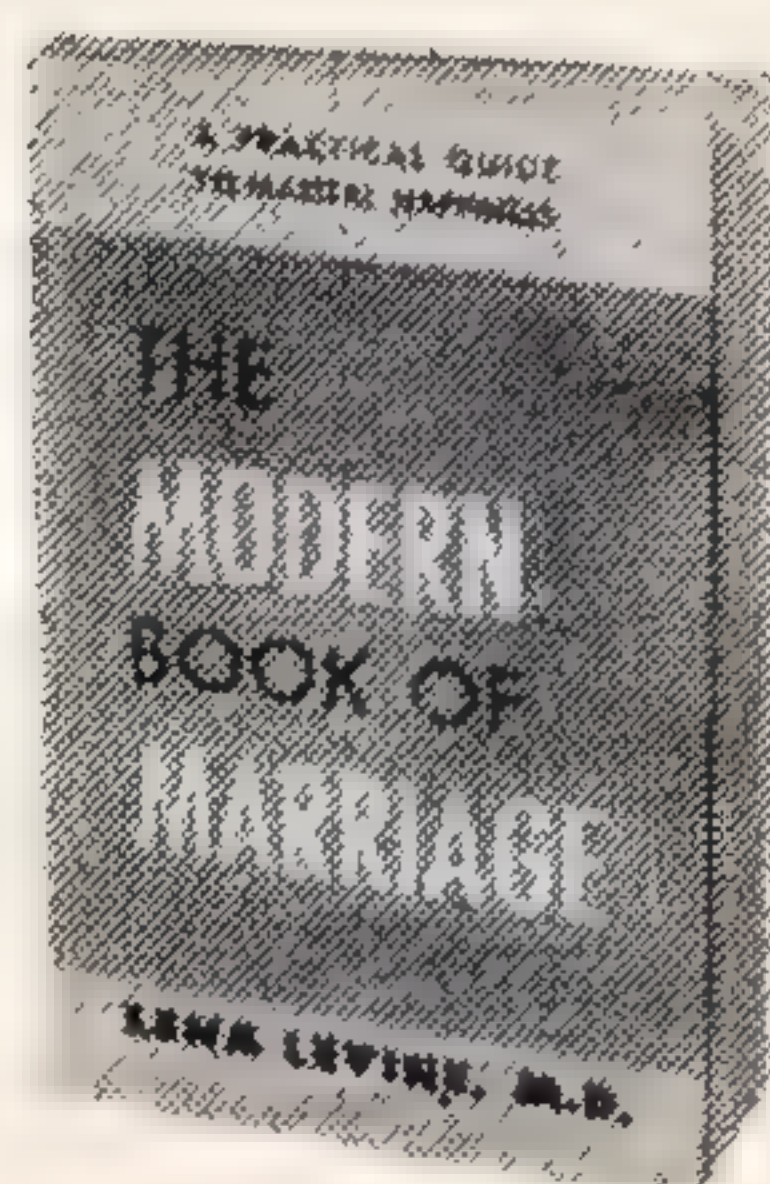
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She stood near my car for a moment, looking up at the wild hills that surrounded her house. "Do you know," she said, "I think we have mountain lions or bobcats up here in these hills. I can hear them screaming at night."

"Do they frighten you," I asked.

"Not when Marlon is here," she answered. "I'm not scared when Marlon is here."

We both looked over at the parking area. Anna's Chevy, with a baby seat hooked over the back of the front seat, was still there. But Marlon's Ford was gone.

I said goodbye and Anna turned away. As I swung my car around, the headlights shone directly on her for a few seconds. She seemed very small, suddenly; small and helpless.

In the next few days I tried twice to write the story of that interview with Anna Kashfi Brando. The theme was always the same, the happiness of a wife and mother, but somewhere along the line something always went wrong. Little things Anna had said . . . and the memory of the expressions of sadness and strain that had flitted across her face . . . blotted out what I was trying to put down on paper: "But then I got upset by something" . . . "There are times when he ignores me completely" . . . "Then he first says hello to me" . . . "It can get so lonely up here. I never get used to it" . . . "I'm not scared when Marlon is here."

Then, on the morning of September 30th, I picked up the morning paper and read the headline: Anna Brands Brando Truant Hubby, Quits. The story said that Anna was suing Marlon for divorce. "This is final," she declared. "I can no longer take his indifference and neglect and his strange way of living. I will charge desertion and cruelty."

The article went on to state that Anna had lost much weight—she was down to 100 pounds—and was taking tests for a heart condition, which she maintained Marlon knew about.

"Naturally, in my present condition I'm frightened. To whom but my husband should I turn for comfort. But how can I—he is never there," she added.

I called the Brandos' private number at their house on the hill at 12900 Mulholland Drive, but it had been disconnected. From friends, I learned that Anna was staying at Phyllis Hudson's house, but I was unable to reach her.

As for Marlon, no one knew where he was. And besides, it was almost certain

that he wouldn't talk about his personal troubles.

Nevertheless, just on a hunch, I drove over to The Unicorn, one of the "beat" joints that Anna and Marlon had visited together. I walked up a single step into a small room. It was very dark inside, the only lights being from candles on the four tables that lined one side. The walls were covered with modern paintings—mostly nudes and clowns. A young fellow with a crew cut was playing on an upright piano. The tables were crowded—fellows with beards and girls in leotards—and the place was filled with music, talk and smoke.

The piano player told me that Marlon used to come here pretty often when the place first opened but that he doesn't come any more. I sat down at one of the tables—it was early and there was still room to sit down—and ordered Italian coffee and pastry. A young fellow in faded blue jeans and a black sweater sat down next to me.

"Heard you ask about Marlon," he said. "What do you want with him?"

"Just trying to find out where I might get in touch with him," I answered. "I want to ask him some questions."

"What kind of questions?" he asked.

"Questions for an article I'm writing," I answered.

He laughed. "Oh, that kind of questions. Give up. Even if you catch up with him, he'll never answer you. Why don't you ask me about him? I used to know him very well. But let's get out of here and go where we can get a drink."

So we went to Cosmo Alley, the other "beat" club that Anna and Marlon had gone to. We entered through a narrow alley, and although it was on the street level, I felt like we had gone down into a murky cellar. The main room was jammed with tiny tables, four chairs to the table, and most of them were filled. The lighting was just as poor here as it had been at The Unicorn, except that it came from orange colored discs hanging from the ceiling. The main wall was of red brick, on which a mural had been started and left unfinished.

We sat down and my new-found friend ordered wine while I asked for a beer. The waiter disappeared through a hole in the wall, a hole that looked like it had been made by a cannon. In a still smaller room in back I could see a jazz combo playing. The noise was deafening.

"Marlon digs this place the most," my companion said.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Everybody calls me Ned," he answered. "That's not my name but it'll do. You're probably wondering if I really know Marlon or whether I'm just trying to mooch drinks from you. Well, I do know him and I am trying to mooch drinks." And then he started to tell me about Brando.

As he talked, recalling first the old days when he had first met Marlon in New York, telling me about the parties they used to go to in Greenwich Village, filling me in on the details about Marlon's early days in Hollywood, and bringing me up to the present, any doubt I had about whether Ned really knew Marlon faded. And in trying to find out what had gone wrong between Anna and Marlon, a few things Ned said stood out above all the rest.

Marlon wasn't a "beat" character, Ned declared. He had been attracted by the way the poets and the would-be actors and the artists and the folk singers were trying to live their own lives, trying to remain individuals in a world where everyone was becoming more and more like everyone else. But Marlon had found, Ned said, that there were as many phonies among the "beat" characters as there were among the people who made moving pictures. And their protest against society, their rebelliousness, was all out of the same mold, as predictable as were the habits and the actions of the most conservative pillars of the community.

So Marlon had come, had seen, and had walked away. Not back to conformity, not back to ease and comfort, but to his own private, desperate fight to find meaning in the world around him.

"Marlon's a great guy," Ned said. "Warm. Friendly. Sympathetic. But he's as sensitive as the litmus paper we used to use in chemical experiments in high school. You know the stuff. Just a tiny change in the temperature and it reacts. That's Marlon. He's tortured by himself. He seeks perfection. And in this crazy, beat-up world he'll never find it."

Ned swallowed a glass of wine at one gulp. "I'm sure Marlon loved Anna in the beginning. Maybe he still loves her. And I know he's crazy about his kid. But he's not a pipe and slippers kind of guy. He's always searching for something: new people, new ideas, new places, new answers to old questions, new answers to new questions. He gets a bee in his bonnet and just takes off. For a woman to love Marlon is okay; for her to want to tie him down and housebreak him is impossible. He's too restless, too driven. He's . . . he's . . . well, he's just Marlon."

A girl came up to the table, a pretty girl with black bangs and a bright red sweater. "Ned, honey," she said, "you've been ignoring me. Let's you and me dance."

He lifted the whole bottle of wine to his lips and gulped it down. Then he got up to dance.

"That's all there is, pops," he said. "There is no more. A guy that can't ever find peace within himself—that guy should never marry. A woman doesn't change a fellow like that. Nothing changes him. He's gotta keep running round in circles. I know how it is. And I'm sorry for him. I'm sorry for Marlon."

And then he and the girl danced away and the jazz seemed to get louder until I just had to get out into the air.

"Poor Marlon," I thought, "poor Anna, poor Christian." And then I went home to write my article.

THE END

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1958.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI, Notary Public  
State of New York No. 63-8045500  
Qualified in Bronx Co.  
Cert. Filed in New York Co.  
Commission Expires March 30, 1960

MARLON WILL SOON APPEAR IN PARAMOUNT'S "ONE-EYED JACKS" AND ANNA IN M-G-M'S "NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON."



# ELVIS PRESLEY

Continued from page 41

had been taking German lessons from a young girl he had met, but somehow the hard "ch" sounds of this strange language just didn't go well with his own soft Southern drawl. And he didn't dare to try his German on anyone but his teacher.

"Sir, could you please tell me if Flight 104-A is on time?" Elvis asked.

"Right on time," the man answered. "Be here in about seventeen minutes."

"Thank you. And could I trouble you for one other thing? Do you have a list of the passengers?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you mind checking to see if two people are on the plane? Their name is Presley. Vernon E. Presley. And Mrs. Minnie Presley. Thank you."

The man ran his finger down the list and then said, "Ah. Here they are. Presley. Vernon and Minnie."

Elvis thanked the clerk again and returned to the bench. He watched a German family—three kids and a father and mother—crowd around a phone booth. One of the kids, a little boy, was trying to push into the booth to be with his father, and the mother was tugging him back. The whole family seemed to be talking at once. They were talking too fast for him to understand even one word, but the scene didn't need words: It was the same in any language.

Somehow it reminded him of the call he had made to Memphis a week or so before. He had stood in line at the PX, waiting his turn at the phone. He had placed the call earlier in the day so as not to tie up the one long-distance phone too long. So, it took only a couple of minutes before he heard his father's voice on the other end of the wire.

"When are you and Grandma coming over, Dad?" he asked. "I miss both of you very much."

His father had sounded so sad on the phone, sad and kind of flat—as if he just didn't care. He gave all sorts of reasons why they shouldn't make the trip, but the one reason that really counted he never mentioned. His dad had never been able to say what was in his heart.

So he had to answer his father's objections. And in one rush of words he said, "Look, I do get time off and I can be with you, especially on those nights when I'm not on duty . . . and Grandma can make the trip . . . she's stronger than me. I've already made reservations at a hotel in a place near the base. It's in a town called Bad Nauheim . . . but it's not *bad*, it's good. A couple of rooms in a hotel, with a kitchen even—where Grandma can cook."

He had paused for breath for a moment but there was no sound from the other end. It was a family joke, it always got a laugh, about Grandma's cooking. Not that she couldn't cook; she certainly could. But even though his Dad and Ma had been married twenty-five years, and he and Dad had loved Ma's cooking, Grandma Minnie—Dad's own ma—was convinced that Vernon wasn't getting the right sort of victuals, that her daughter-in-law Gladys just wasn't a good enough cook for her boy. The fact that Dad was tall and husky—and always came back for second helpings at every meal—didn't seem to make a bit of difference.

"Dad, are you still there?" he said into the phone.

"I'm still here," his father answered.

And then he had said what he didn't want to say, but had to. "Dad . . . Dad . . . one of the last things that Mom said to you—you told me so yourself—was that

you and I should always be together. And you promised her we would be. Remember? Well, I want you to come. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without you and Grandma here. And Mom would have wanted it."

There were a few seconds of silence and then his father's voice, huskier than usual, said, "All right, son, Grandma and me will be there."

"Achtung! Achtung!" the words blared out from the waiting-room loudspeaker and Elvis jumped to his feet. From the information desk the clerk smiled at him, nodded, and pointed towards the door that led out to the field. Elvis hurried to the entrance and ran to the barrier that surrounded the runways. The Constellation landed. It touched ground, slowed abruptly to a stop, turned around and taxied towards the barrier. The portable steps were pushed out next to the plane, the side door opened and the passengers began to descend.

Ah, there was Dad and Grandma. Grandma's sixty-five but she's walking like a girl, as if she had just been out for a spin in a car. But Dad, Dad, he looks gray and tired . . . so tired.

Elvis lifted his grandmother off her feet as she came through Customs.

"Put me down. Put me down," she laughed. "I'm not one of your girlfriends. Why, I'm old enough to be . . . to be . . . your grandmother. Besides you'll muss my new clothes."

"Just like a woman," Elvis said, and set her gently back to the ground. And then he turned to greet his father.

Vernon Presley pushed his son on the shoulder. Elvis made a gesture as if to push him back, then let his hand fall. "The last time I hit you back, you couldn't move your arm for a week," he said.

"But you were only eleven then," his father said, laughing. "You've gotten weaker ever since." And then they embraced.

In the cab on their way to Bad Nauheim, Elvis and his grandmother did most of the talking. Vernon Presley gazed out of the window, seeing but not-seeing at the same time.

"You've lost weight," his grandmother said. "You father says there's a kitchen where we're staying. I'm going to cook you some real Tupelo meals."

"But I've gained weight," Elvis laughed.

Elvis' father looked at his son. "You haven't changed. Not a bit." And then he smiled.

The next day Elvis phoned his dad and grandmother twice when he had a break from his duties. He arranged to drive over from the base at Friedberg to Bad Nauheim to eat dinner with his family. Minnie Presley had spent hours in the kitchen, but she wasn't satisfied. "Would you believe me, we couldn't find hominy, corn pone, or okra in the whole town."

After dinner, Elvis had to go back to camp. He told his father and grandmother he would see them the following night, and that he would take them to a restaurant for some "real German food." "Not that it's as good as yours, Grandma," he hastily added, "but it's good for us Americans to get to know other people." He also told them that the Army had scheduled a press conference for all the Presleys. "You're kind of unofficial ambassadors from home," he said, "and the Army folks here want to show you off."

The press conference went off well. Minnie Presley had had her hair fixed that afternoon and she had put on her best dress. "I never felt so important in my life," she laughed, as the reporters asked her questions and snapped her picture. One of the newspapermen asked Vernon Presley how long he planned to stay in Germany.

"I would say it probably will be a temporary stay," he answered. "But we like Germany. The people are okay and very nice." Shorty after that the press conference ended.

The three Presleys ate dinner in a little restaurant near the hotel. Then Grandma complained about feeling a little tired "from all the excitement" and they took her back to the hotel.

"Sleepy, Dad?" Elvis asked his father.

"Not very," Vernon answered. "Besides, I don't sleep too good these days."

"Me neither," Elvis said. "Let's take a walk."

Father and son strolled through the streets of Bad Nauheim. They came to a little park and sat down on a wooden bench. For a while they watched the people passing. Couples would come down the path in the darkness, be silhouetted for a second in the glow of a lamplight, and disappear again into the darkness.

"Everybody seems to have someone," said Elvis' father, and then he buried his head in his hands.

Elvis reached out towards his father and then drew back. And suddenly he began to talk, slowly, with great effort. "Back there at the press conference . . . you said you might not stay in Germany long. I wanted to stop you and tell you that you must stay. But I couldn't. Not in front of all those people. Sure, Mom wanted us to be together. She'd especially want this at Christmas. But that's not the main reason. The main reason . . . well . . . the main reason is that I need you. I want you here."

Vernon Presley sat up slowly on the bench and looked at his son. He started to interrupt but Elvis went on anyway, as if he wouldn't be able to say all he had to say once he stopped.

"Grandma told me how it's been with you. Walking from room to room in that big house in Memphis. Walking and walking and walking. The same house but not the same. Not the same without Mom there."

Again Vernon Presley tried to say something and again Elvis stopped him. "Well, it's been hard for me too. Sure, I get up early in the morning. Earlier than I ever did before in my life. And I work hard all day. But it doesn't matter. I go to bed when the others do. They're asleep as soon as they hit the sack. But I stay awake . . . I think of Mom . . . and I think of you. I try not to. I try to go to sleep, even try counting sheep. But it doesn't work. Then I try to remember the names of all the places I've ever sung in. And just when I've gotten started, I'll remember Mama's face."

Elvis stopped and looked into the darkness, and then he went on. "You taught me to pray—you and Mama. And you taught me that God has a reason for everything he does . . . that death isn't the end and life goes on. I believe that. Mom believed it. You must believe it too."

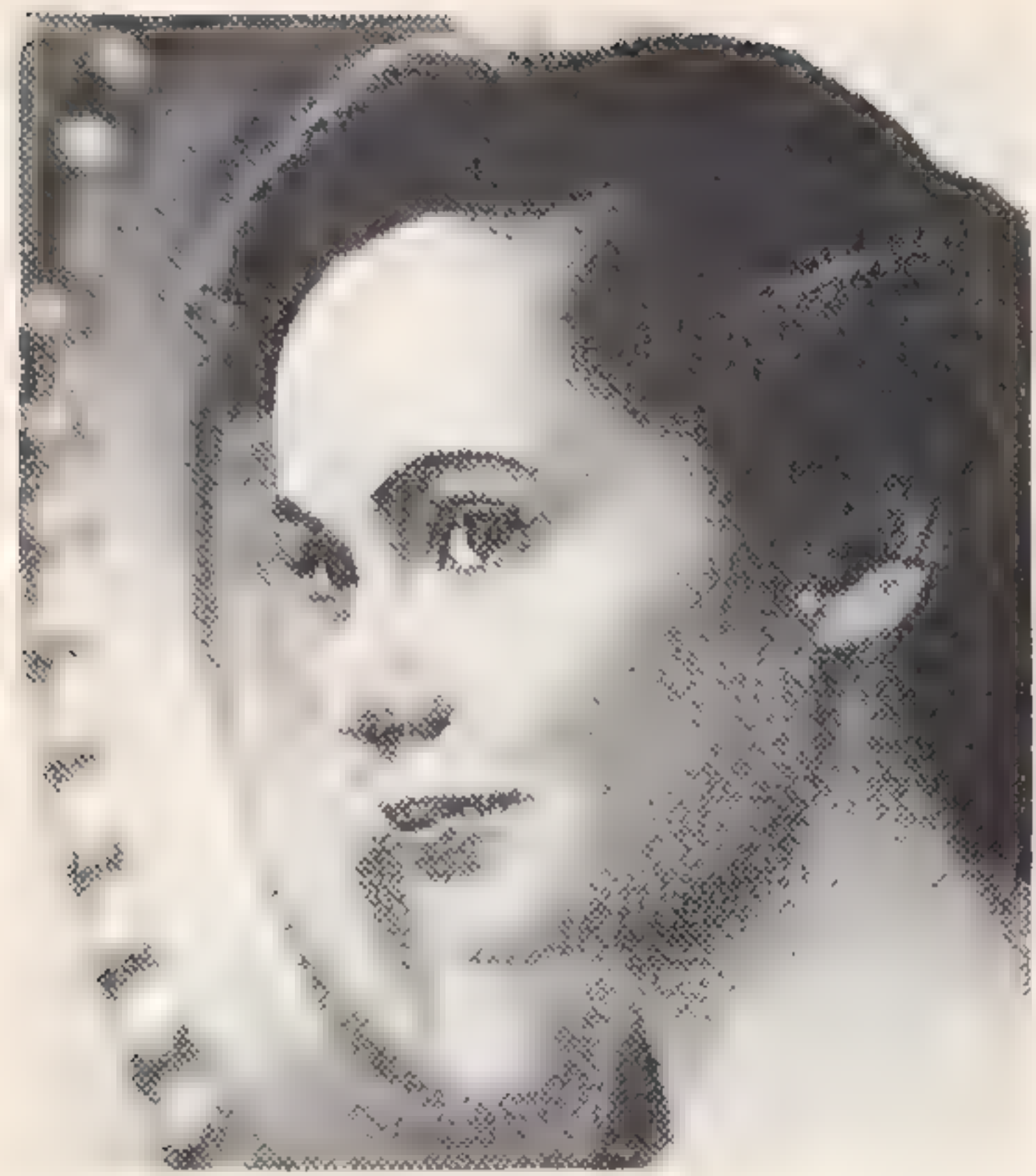
Vernon sat quietly. Then he spoke. "I was remembering last Christmas. Last Christmas in Memphis. And how Gladys said that no matter what, at Christmas we must always be together. And now she won't be here."

"But she will," Elvis answered. "This Christmas you, Grandma, me and Mom will be together. We can't forget her, not for even an hour, so she is with us, she will be with us. As long as you and I are together, she's here. Please stay."

"I never heard you put so many words together so good since you tried to convince your Ma you didn't steal those Coke bottles when you were five," Mr. Presley said, smiling a little. "There's certain things I should be taking care of at home. But if I can put them off, or get someone else to do them, I'll stay."

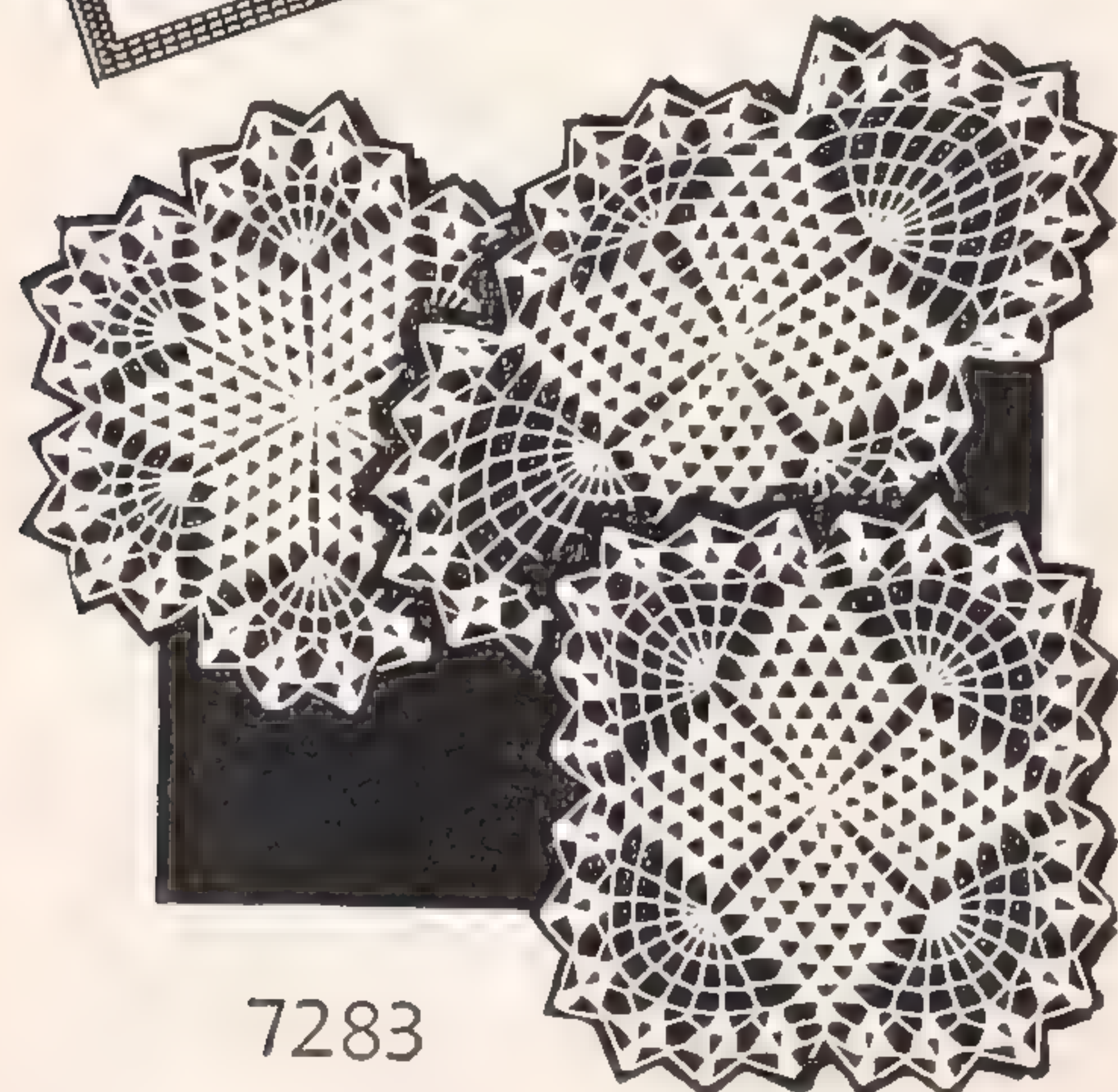
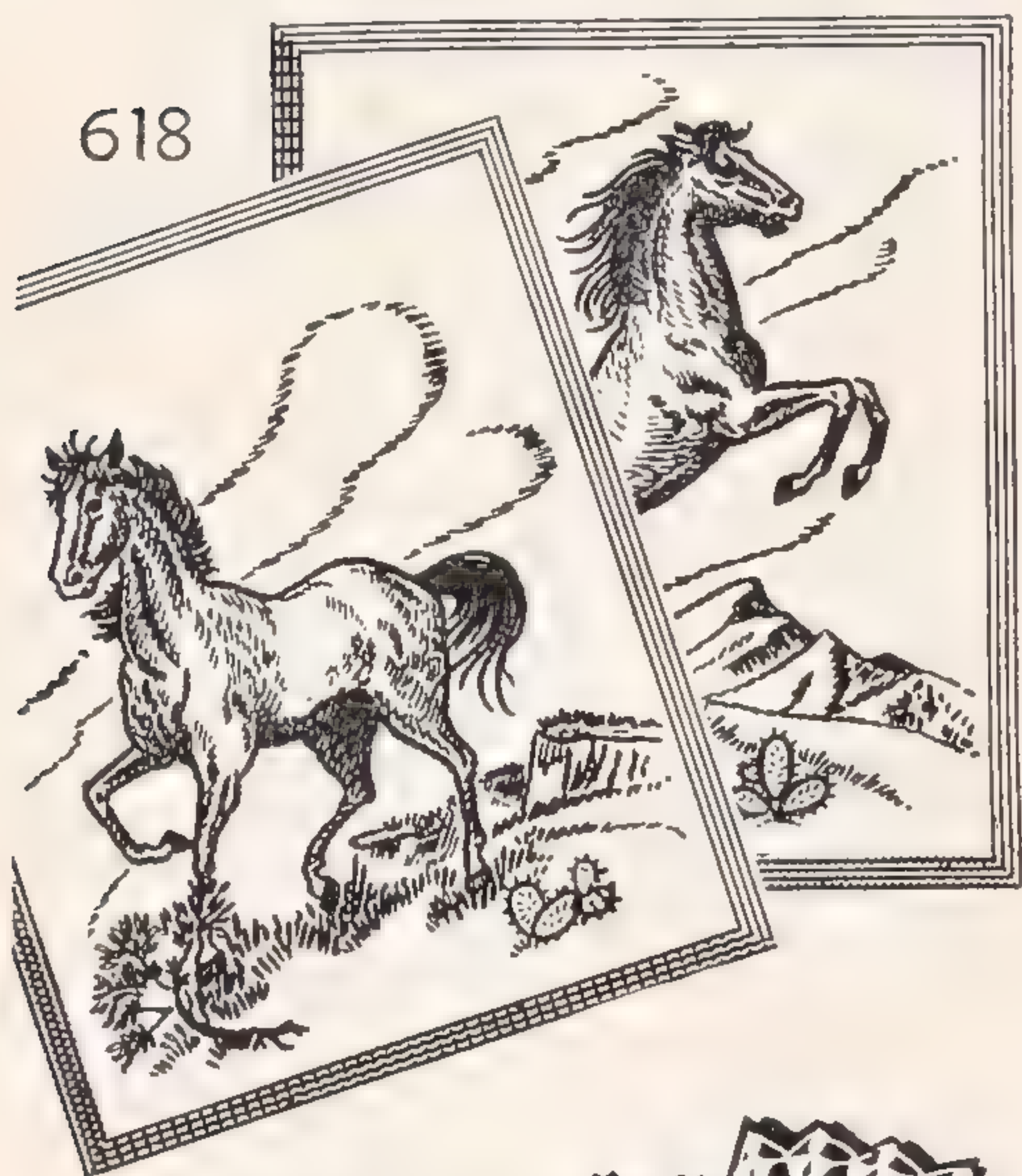


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He shook his head. "That's not the way I want it to sound at all. You say you need me. I know I need you. We'll stay . . . if I can swing it back home."

Elvis smacked one hand against the other, like he always did when he was excited. "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy a house for us here. Don't laugh. I'm serious. No, I won't be getting special treatment. Anyone in the outfit can live off the post when he's not on duty. I'll be with you lots of nights and on my days off."

His father interrupted him. "Do you think there'll be snow by Christmas?"

"You're trying to change the subject," Elvis said. "Yes, there'll be snow. There better be snow. I've never seen snow at Christmas."

"I haven't either," said his dad.

"Well," said Elvis, laughing out loud, "there'll be snow all around our house. And early in the morning on the day before Christmas we'll go over to one of the villages and go to church. That'll be about four or five in the morning. All the villagers will be walking along with lanterns to the church."

"We'll set up a tree in the living room of the house. And we'll put candles on it—not light bulbs—and lots of tinsel. Then we'll put the presents around it. Not wrapped. That's the custom here. Maybe Frieda—that's the girl who's helping me with my German—can get away from her family and come over too."

"We'll eat at about six. Fish—carp from the Rhine—and stuffed goose and red cabbage and mashed potatoes and Christmas cookies."

"If I know your Grandmother," Mr. Presley said, "by that time she'll have found out where to get blackeyed peas and okra and corn pone . . . and we'll have that, too."

Elvis laughed. "After dinner, we'll go into the living-room. But before we go in, we'll say the Lord's Prayer . . . people here call it the *Vater Unser* . . . and then we'll sing carols like Mom and I did last year. Some of the boys from camp will come. When we're done carolling, we'll open the doors and go into the living room. You'll light the candles and wrap a piece of bread in silver paper and put it on the tree. That's so we'll always have bread in the year to come. Then we open the presents."

Elvis' father shivered a little. "Maybe it's going to snow before Christmas," he said softly.

They got up to go. As they passed the village square, they saw a roped-off section with a load of straw on the ground. "They get started way ahead of time here," Elvis said. "They're going to build a small manger there, with real live animals in the little barn. Frieda tells me that Christmas is a very religious season here. It's really three days—the 24th for celebration, the 25th for prayer, and the 26th, St. Stephen's Day, for prayer and celebration."

They walked on, stopping finally in front of the hotel. "All those things you've said about the way it is here at Christmas, Elvis. Your mother, your mother would have loved it."

Elvis clapped his father affectionately on the shoulder. "I know," he said.

Mr. Presley paused at the entrance to the hotel and smiled. "Good night," he called. "Good night, son."

"Good night, Dad," Elvis answered. "Sleep well." He walked back to camp, sniffing at the sudden crispness in the air. Perhaps there really would be snow by Christmas.

When he arrived at the barracks, he went to his bunk, undressed, slipped under the covers, and for the first time in a long while he fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

—JIM HOFFMAN

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# ON THE RECORD

continued from page 13

story. "Goodbye and good luck," he said. "May God bless you and bring you ever closer to the Lord."

Be sure and tell Santa to fill your Christmas stocking with the following: To Know Him Is To Love Him

Teddy Bears, Dore It's Only Make Believe

Conway Twitty, M-G-M I'll Remember Tonight—Pat Boone, Dot Poor Boy—The Royal Tones, Jubilee Love Is All We Need

Tommy Edwards, M-G-M Mr. Success — Frank Sinatra, Capitol Lonesome Town—Rick Nelson, Imperial Call Me — Johnny Mathis, Columbia Non Dimenticar—Nat Cole, Capitol A Lover's Question

Clyde McPhatter, Atlantic Topsy Part II — Cozy Cole, Love

So, while you're asking Mr. Claus to beg-borrow-or-steal these discs for you, we'll make a prediction that you'll be hearing lots more from the artists.

"It's only make believe" that Conway Twitty's really called that. He was born Harold Jenkins in Mississippi and was singing over the air by the time he was ten. At twelve he'd formed his own band and had his own radio show. When he returned after Far East service with the Army, Tabby West grabbed him for "Ozark Jubilee." . . . To know them is to love them—the Teddy Bears, that is. Eighteen-year-old Phil Spector composed this new hit and he plus Anette Kleinbar and Marshal Leib make up the trio. The teenagers met at Fairfax high school in Los Angeles and their current record is their first crack at show business. Sweet-voiced Anette who's sixteen wants a career in psychology, Phil is studying to be a court reporter and Marshal, a star athlete in high school, now attends Los Angeles City College where he is studying law and music.

Breathes there a girl with heart so dead who hasn't once sighed about Frank Sinatra, "I feel as if he's singing right to me!" Well, for a real bang-up taste of what this means, we suggest you listen to Frankie's new "Only for the Lonely" Capitol album. THE END

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| 9. Esther Williams   | 149. Russ Tamblyn             | 233. Pat Wayne        | 272. Sandra Dee        |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 150. Jeff Hunter              | 234. Carroll Baker    | 273. Lili Gentle       |
| 15. Frank Sinatra    | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 235. Anita Ekberg     | 274. Robert Culp       |
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| 121. Tony Curtis     | 221. Joan Collins             | 261. Tommy Sands      | 295. John Gavin        |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 222. Jayne Mansfield          | 262. Will Hutchins    | 296. Lee Remick        |
| 135. Jeff Chandler   | 223. Sal Mineo                | 263. James Darren     | 297. Diane Varsi       |
| 136. Rock Hudson     | 224. Shirley Jones            | 264. Ricky Nelson     | 298. Joanne Woodward   |
| 139. Debra Paget     | 225. Elvis Presley            | 265. Faron Young      | 299. Teddy Randazzo    |
| 140. Dale Robertson  | 227. Tony Perkins             | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis  | 300. Paul Anka         |
| 141. Marilyn Monroe  | 228. Clint Walker             | 267. Ferlin Husky     | 301. Peter Brown       |
| 145. Marlon Brando   | 229. Pat Boone                | 268. Dolores Hart     | 302. Edd Byrnes        |
|                      |                               | 269. James Garner     | 303. Joni James        |

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# A REAL GONE YEAR

Continued from page 46

to finish its turn on the record player. But before I flip that page on the calendar there's a lot of 1958 still filling the air with excitement—and with so much music you'd think they'd run out of names for the new songs and singers. Natch, they don't. But somebody's imagination was working overtime when they named that singing team "Dicky Doo and the Don'ts." And my nomination for the absolutely wildest song title—once I'd learned to pronounce "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu"—was a little number called "There's a Fungus Among Us."

Gosh, it really has been an exciting 365 days. It's been fun, too. That's probably the reason it all flew by like a flash. For instance, some seven hundred hours of television (almost four hundred and twenty on ABC-TV) went like—well, like that. "That's" usually a finger snap on TV, but in print—you know what I mean. Then on "American Bandstand" and on our Saturday night show we've welcomed over eight hundred guest stars to TV. Add another two hundred or so from our personal appearances around the country and we've got over one thousand of the nation's record artists signed into our 1958 guest book. Sure makes us proud and happy to have our friends pay us a call.

I guess if I were really pinned down I'd have to admit that saying "Hi" to all of those really nice people would be near the top of my list for "Biggest Thrills of 1958." But think real quick now, what is *the* top—the most? I see you've been paying attention, and you are so right. That treasured little top spot I reserve for the privilege of joining you on "American Bandstand," and on our Saturday-night "Dick Clark Show."

They don't build studios the way we like them anymore. We'd like to have one big enough—and near enough—to have all of you with us in person, but I think I'll put that on the list of my projects for the New Year. Since it's kind of tough for us all to get together at once, I've

been using some of those 1958 hours to meet you in your own back yard.

I think my first big "out of town" engagement early this year would be my pick for the one with the happiest ending. Before that, all of my personal appearances had been around our WFIL-TV home area. We'd been on the ABC-TV network for several months when I was asked to appear in Worcester, Mass., at a giant youth party sponsored by Catholic Charities. I wanted to go in the worst way, but I started to get the jitters wondering if many of the fellows and girls up that way watched our show. And if they did watch the show, I wondered how many would even bother to turn out to say "Hello" to yours truly. On the drive up after the Sunday morning show I kept wondering, and wandering off into space (I wasn't driving, so I could do it) and all I could imagine was standing up on the stage staring out at an empty baseball field. I'll tell you I was really giving myself sixteen different kinds of fits.

Maybe it's better that way, because what really happened melted me. A warm friendly greeting from a turnout that jammed just about every corner of the arena put a solid lump of sentiment right up around my tonsils. It's hard to put into words a feeling like that. You're hoping a few friends will turn out and then you find all of them on hand. You know what I mean, it really makes you want to knock yourself out for them. Well, everybody onstage that night had that feeling. That was an inspiration to me, and I've often thought about it since, when we're doing the show from another city, or when I am appearing as a guest on another television show and might start getting nervous about how things will go.

That trip to California to put on the show in Hollywood Bowl sure stands out on my calendar, too. It was hectic, but a lot of fun, to get the Clark gang together in Philadelphia on Friday night right after "American Bandstand," then head for the airport and the fabulous West Coast. Wow, that really took split-second timing. Sightseeing in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, and Los Angeles sure hit the spot with me. Then came the show and the chance to meet our Cali-

fornia friends. It was sure a real gone time.

Then another time, early in the summer, we packed up after the show, stowed our records in the plane, and headed for the real deep South. Ah, Miami. That was the first time we had taken our Saturday night show on the road, and let me tell you it seemed to me as if we were moving an army.

There we were, sitting in the office one day, when the phone rang. "How would you like to do the show from Miami two weeks from now?" a man said.

"Great!" everybody answered.

"Okay, we do it from Miami," he told us.

"See," we thought, "nothing to it. We're on our way to Miami." But then the fun began.

"Miami, here we come!" Almost two weeks later, that was our cry. But in the meantime we had all learned a lot about packing, rehearsing on the run, flight schedules, booking hotel rooms for our show people, and I guess about six hundred and twenty thousand other things that come up when you decide to take a network show on the road. It was madness, but everyone worked so hard, and the people in Miami were so friendly and helpful, that the show went smoothly and we ended up having a real ball. Working together on something like that is a real thrill—though tough on Tony's fingernails—and the valuable lessons we learned make that another bet for 1958's favorite memories list. Of course I could go down the line, and I guess each time we visit one of your towns it's a big thrill for us.

But that calendar flips by, and comes to that mid-summer afternoon when we went through just about the most dramatic afternoon ever on "American Bandstand." Maybe you were watching that afternoon when Pat Molitierri, a runner-up in our dance contest last year, suddenly began complaining about a pain in her side while she was dancing. Her partner mentioned it to me, and I asked Tony to talk to Pat while I introduced the next number. Then we had an off-camera conference. "If Pat has such a severe pain," I said, "maybe a doctor should check it."

Just about then the pain became so bad that Pat couldn't walk. Tony had to carry her to a hastily-called car and then drive on to the nearest hospital. Luckily, there was one just a few blocks away.

Well, as you know, the show must go on. I went back up to the podium and continued the show, but all the while I was wondering what was happening at the hospital. The minutes seemed to drag, and I guess everybody in the studio felt he or she was part of the drama. When the program went off the air, we made a dash for the office and the telephone. Tony put the call through. "The doctors are giving Pat a checkup," he reported, "and they think there's a possibility of appendicitis." More time went by, and another phone call . . . it *was* appendicitis, an acute case and they were going to operate right away.

You can imagine how we all felt. Here was one of our friends suddenly whisked from the dance floor to the hospital operating room. Pat's mother was at the hospital and when the operation was over she was one of the first to know that it was a success. By eight o'clock that evening, Pat was resting comfortably, and I left the office for home cheered by the fact. The next afternoon on "American Bandstand," I made an announcement. "Pat's doing fine after her operation," I told all her friends, "and we hope she'll be back with us real soon."

## MEMO TO A SPUTNIK:

Quit going around in circles. There's an easier way to get with the stars. See the **FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY** on sale January 6.

You'll find the full solar year in a PINUP CALENDAR of twelve—count 'em, twelve—full-color pictures of your favorite stars.

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DICK CLARK orbits here every month, so just follow him. Come down to earth and head for your nearest newsstand.



If you heard me, then you probably shared our happiness, but for one man up in Canada the news was almost too much. His name—Mr. Molitierri.

Pat's father had been driving a bus up through New England and into Canada while all of this had been going on. When he came to the end of his run, he stopped at a restaurant to enjoy a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. They had our show on the television set, and when I started talking about Pat having appendicitis, about the operation, and her start on her recovery, well, Mr. Molitierri just couldn't believe his ears. It took a long-distance call to Philadelphia to assure him he had heard right. Then, in less time than it takes to say "omigosh!" he was driving the first bus back to Pat. It was one happy reunion, believe me!

Oh yes, there have been some dramatic moments. Not all of them were quite so serious, though. For me the worst crisis came about forty seconds before I was supposed to do a commercial. Oops! I practically shouted, and right on camera, I don't have all my script for the commercial! Now don't laugh. To a guy or gal in radio or television, that's like being caught alone at fifty-thousand feet without a parachute. I almost went through the floor. I knew that nobody could get me the extra page in that short time, so I picked up the phone on the podium, got through to the control room where Tony had the producer's copy. While I held the phone to my ear, he gave out with the words of the script and I repeated them on the air. Fortunately for me, the cameras were taking the picture of the product and not me, so I could get away with it and nobody ever knew. At least nobody ever griped and I guess sometimes that's almost the same thing.

It has really been a tremendous year, this 1958. Its saddest moments came when I lost my dachshund, Louie. Anybody who's ever owned a pet knows how I felt then. I was real glad to be so busy.

So many things were happening, like the "Bandstand's" first birthday, and the annual dance contest which Bob Clayton and Justine Corelli won. And when I start trying to pick the top record of the year, I can't help but think it's been a great year for a lot of recording artists.

The top record has to be "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu," and that means Domenico Modugno, who really shot to the top like a thunderbolt. Right up there close to "Nel Blu" is "It's All in the Game," and what a boost to Tommy Edwards' career that disc has been. Another great name in the music business who can look back on the past year with a grateful sigh is Cozy Cole. A real great drummer for many years, Cozy's waxing of "Topsy Part Two" was almost the smash novelty of the past twelve months. I think I'll call it the real sleeper of 1958.

The novelty record for the year? That's a tough one. Or maybe it isn't after all. What else could qualify in a year when a fellow named Sheb Wooley came out with an item named "The Purple People Eater"? That definitely gets the brass ring, the gold record, or the what-have-you of pop music.

It's been a real good year for a host of our friends—Rick Nelson, Pat Boone, the Everly Brothers, the Ponytails, Jimmy Clanton, Perez Prado and "Patricia," Peggy Lee and "Fever," and so many more I could get to sound like a musical telephone book.

And that's how fat my scrapbook for 1958 is—as overweight as a New York phone book. I only hope I can find enough pages left over for Christmas.

See you next month. Oops, next year!  
—DICK



# HOW TO TURN EXTRA TIME INTO EXTRA MONEY

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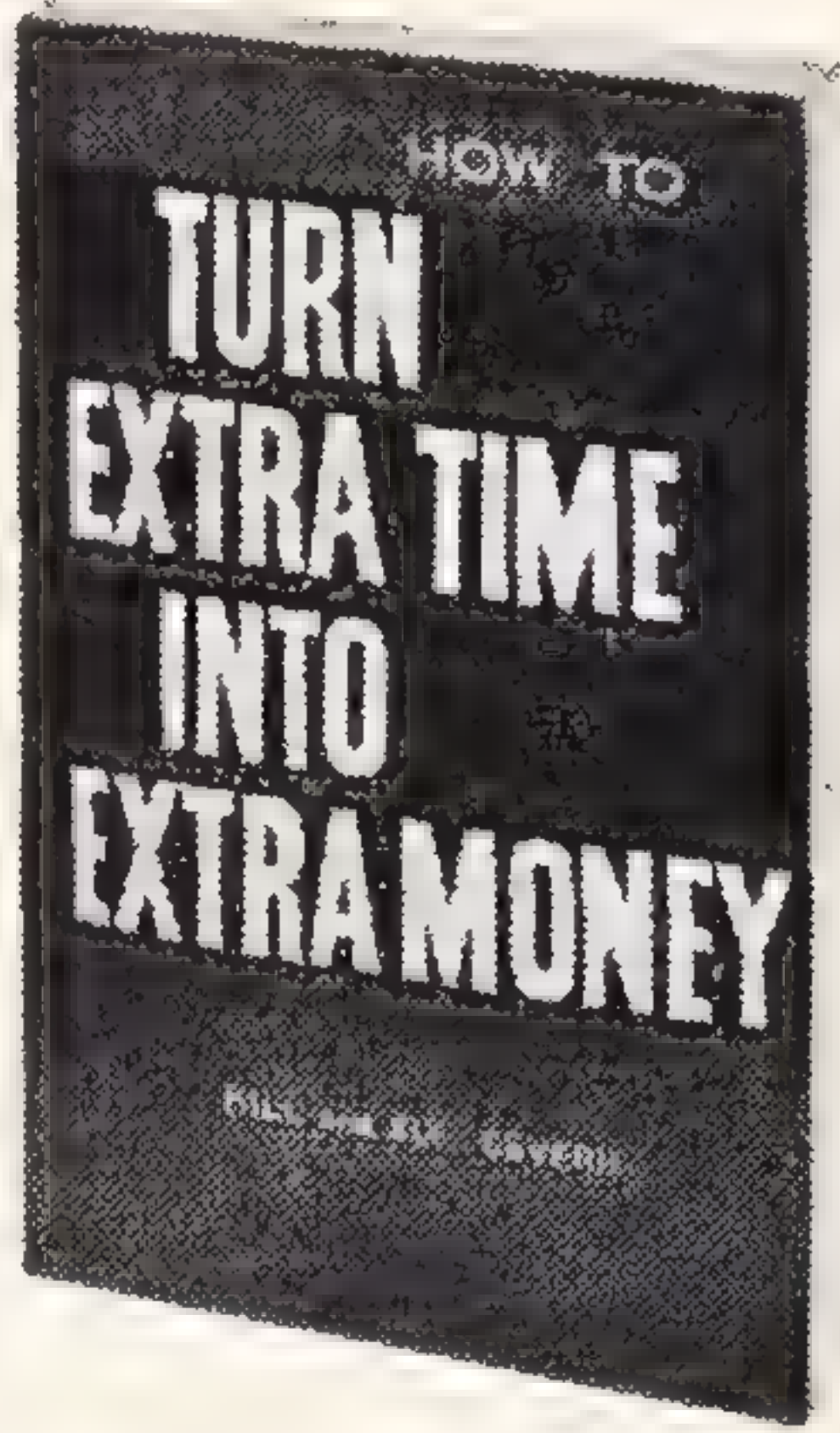
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# CARY GRANT

Continued from page 56

falling asleep. He was tired too often.

It had been like this since the first serious mistakes. Twice he had married for love—and twice he had lost. Now he could look back and admit, "I married lovely women. But I was an idiot and a boor. I deserved to lose them." But hadn't the knowledge come too late? Too late to save his marriage to lovely, delicate Virginia Cherrill, who had laughed off hundreds of his escapades but who, one day, couldn't laugh any longer. Too late to save his marriage to Barbara Hutton. He had loved her, too.

For two long years he had lived in the hope of making her his wife. She had been hurt in the past—her fantastic fortune had brought her more grief than joy. He was going to make it up to her, all of it. For two years he talked, telling her how wonderful it would be.

Finally, she said yes.

She married him in 1942 and the gift of gab that had won her love was what drove her finally away. The truth of the matter was that Cary was too clever for his own good—or anyone else's. There was no conversation so serious, no subject so delicate that his quick tongue failed to find an opportunity for a pun, a jibe, a pointed joke. He couldn't help it; it was the way he was used to talking. But he had married a woman too sensitive to laugh when the barb went deep. Time after time she was reduced to tears; time after time he would pull himself up, furious at himself and at the world.

"Why did someone like you ever marry me?" he would shout.

But he couldn't stop, and eventually Barbara left him, too.

Not good memories, but, at least, on this brilliant day in August, 1949, they were far behind him. The trip to England had been fun and wasn't that what he was most interested in? He'd been to the theater a lot; the biggest impression had been made on him by a little American actress he'd never heard of, Betsy Drake, playing the lead in "Deep Are the Roots." She wasn't beautiful but she had a glow and she played the difficult role with grace and intelligence. "Talent there," Cary had remarked to a friend and then forgotten all about it.

Sailing day had come at last; the Queen Mary was waiting. His pals treated Cary to a farewell champagne luncheon. None of them was feeling any pain when they piled into a convertible and headed for the dock.

But for Betsy Drake, also sailing for home on the Queen Mary, life was not so much fun.

She didn't really want to go home. It had taken her years of desperate struggle to get anywhere in the theater—and now her first big role was finished. Her parents had been divorced since she was a child and she had no home, no people, really, to return to. Just another dreary year of job-hunting with her clippings under her arm. She was all worn out and it wasn't a pleasant prospect. Besides, she had a toothache, a perfectly terrible pain that swelled her jaw and destroyed the fun of the ship's sailing.

The first glimpse she ever had of Cary Grant off a movie screen was when she was standing on deck and Cary's convertible pulled up to the customs' shed. What she saw was a slightly high-looking young man, surrounded by friends, roaring with laughter, lifting his suitcases out of

the back of the car and dropping them in again. For an instant, she had wished she were a part of them, having fun. Then her tooth throbbed and she turned away. "As far as Betsy Drake is concerned," she thought, "this trip is going to be one long, dull rest."

And it might have been if, two hours later, as the ship got underway, she hadn't had to pay a visit to the purser's office. In her sensible flat-heeled shoes and brown dress, she walked down the corridor just as Cary Grant pushed open a door and walked in on his way to join Liz Taylor and her mother for lunch. The ship, leaving the harbor, lurched violently, Betsy staggered and was pitched against the wall with one arm above her head, the other at her hip—a perfect cheesecake pose. Cary grinned, then recognized her. "Hey, I saw you in 'Deep Are the Roots.' You're . . ."

Her face burning with embarrassment, Betsy marched right past him. Later, telling about it, she told reporters she hadn't heard him say a word. Later, denying it, Cary maintained she deliberately cut him dead. At the time, all that mattered was that Betsy Drake, nobody from nowhere, slammed the door of the purser's office right in Cary Grant's face!

He spent the next three days looking for her.

And without success. Betsy, nursing her toothache, and her humiliation at being practically thrown into the arms of a movie star the first day out, wasn't budging from her cabin.

But on the fourth day, she came up for air. She walked to the deck and stood leaning over the rail, watching the waves. Actually, nothing could have kept Betsy Drake down for long. She stood on deck a minute, then decided on a walk. Walking was—and still is—her favorite sport.

A dozen yards away, down the deck, Cary spotted her and his eyes lit up. He was standing at the rail, talking to Merle Oberon; now he nudged her.

"Merle—there she is. That's the girl."

Merle turned and looked. "Fine. Now go introduce yourself."

Cary nodded, grinned, took a step—and the grin faded. He had never been shy with women, except once before. . . .

One morning at the studio he had been called to the phone. It was house guest Noel Coward ringing up from Cary's home. "Cary? I've invited Greta Garbo to tea this afternoon. Try to get home in time to meet her, eh? She'd like to be introduced . . ."

When Cary put the phone down, his hands were shaking. By mid-morning he had realized the truth: Garbo, with her incredible beauty, her talent, her aloofness, was such a legend to him that he was afraid to go home to his own house and meet her. Noon came and he told himself not to be a fool, that it would be wonderful to be introduced to someone he respected and admired as much as he did her. But he couldn't budge. All afternoon he invented things that had to be done, to keep him at the studio.

It was dusk when he finally pulled up to his driveway. He walked in—and there in the living room, standing up, ready to

leave, was the fabulous Swede. Noel smiled happily. "Greta, I'd like you to meet Cary Grant . . ."

Cary opened his mouth—and nothing came out. In wordless silence he shook hands with his guest, he bowed. Garbo smiled, said she was happy to be there, asked a question, waited, stared at him, asked another, remarked on the weather—and finally gave up.

Cary had still not said a word.

Bewildered, Noel escorted Garbo to the door. Miserable, Cary trailed after them to Garbo's car. And there, at long last, he found his tongue.

"Very pleased to meet you," he burst out to his departing guest. "How did you do?"

It became a running gag among Cary's friends: for once he had been tongue-tied, stricken dumb by admiration and awe. . . .

"Cary, Cary . . ." Merle's amused voice brought him back from his reverie.

"Look," he began haltingly, "it's like this. I don't want her to think I'm picking her up. You know."

Merle stared at him. "Well—?"

"Would you go talk to her for me? Ask her—ask her to have dinner with us tonight. Tell her—at the captain's table."

"But I don't know her," Merle wailed. "I never met her!"

"That's all right. Go on. You're a woman, you can do it." He paused. "If she doesn't want to—you might try telling her—it's the captain's table."

Merle's mouth dropped open. Cary Grant, cocksure, debonaire, lady-killer Cary not only afraid to talk to a girl, but afraid she'd need more inducement than just his name to join him for dinner. She almost laughed, but changed her mind. Without another word, she headed down the deck towards Betsy.

When she got there, of course, she was embarrassed.

"Excuse me. Hello. I'm—I'm Merle Oberon, and a friend of mine . . ."

Betsy whirled—and stared. "Of course, Miss Oberon. I recognize you . . ."

Merle blushed. "Yes, well, Cary Grant is a friend of mine and he, he was wondering if you would join us for dinner tonight. At—at the captain's table."

Betsy's lips parted slightly. If there had been a chair, she would have flopped down into it. Finally she said slowly, "I don't have an evening dress with me . . ."

"Oh," Merle said. That did it. Evening clothes were absolutely obligatory in the formal dining salon—and everyone in the room stared at the captain's table, the place of honor. No woman would be caught dead there without her best gown. She'd be glad to lend Betsy something but they weren't the same size at all. "Well," she stared.

Suddenly Betsy smiled. It was more than a smile, it was a grin. It brought with it the glow that had lit her performance on the stage, that seemed to light up her entire life.

"Tell Mr. Grant I'd be delighted."

That night Cary was at the table early. He sat there with Liz Taylor and her mother a few seats away, with Merle across the table. His evening clothes were, of course, faultless. He kept his eyes constantly on the door.

And then he saw her.

She walked into the dining salon with her brown hair brushed to a shine and parted neatly on one side. She wore a plain black street-length afternoon dress, and black shoes. She wore no jewelry because she didn't own any. The side of her face was puffy with toothache, but she was smiling.

She walked right across the room with every eye following her, and her head was

## PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Leslie Caron by Jack Stager; Dave and Rick Nelson color by Thomas; Dick Clark and family color by Gene Cook; Gale Storm and family color courtesy of CBS-TV; Bing Crosby and family color by U.P.I.; Carol Lynley color by Henry Janssen; Pat Boone and family color by Zinn Arthur; Jerry Lewis and son by Ted Allan; Eddie Fisher and Debbie by Peter Basch; Cary Grant and Betsy Drake by Sanford Roth.



held up, and proud. She never wavered.

Cary Grant, standing up at his chair to receive her, thought it was the bravest thing he had ever seen in his life.

She sat down next to him. Her voice was the husky voice he remembered from the show, her smile lit up the entire room.

It only took five minutes for him to realize that he was in love with her. Only five minutes because it was so obvious.

The rest of the voyage passed in a daze. The only thing Betsy Drake remembers of it was that Cary, elegant Cary, put his evening suit in his trunk and went down to dinner every night by her side in a business suit, to keep her company. Maybe that was why she fell in love with him. Or maybe it was because of what no one else had seen, but she saw so clearly: the deep, basic honesty that the quips and the bright talk attempted to cover.

Like when he asked her to star in his next movie with him.

"It's called 'Every Girl Should Be Married.' The part is perfect for you."

"They'll never give it to me," she said. "I'll make them."

"Oh, you can't. They'd say you were doing it because you—you like me."

"They won't say it after they've seen you act. And maybe they'll be a little more perceptive. Maybe they'll say—because I need you so."

Was it possible that no one had seen that side of him before? Or was it more likely that it had never been there—until Betsy came along.

Whatever it was, they made the movie together, and they were a hit. When they were done with it, they were more in love than ever.

Cary would drop over to Betsy's tiny Hollywood apartment and find her, glasses on her nose, poring over a book.

"What's that about?"

"Spiders."

Cary would gasp. "What on earth are you reading about spiders for?"

"They're interesting. Here." She would reach over to a stack of books piled on the floor. "Here's another one on spiders. Go ahead, look."

"I don't want to read about spiders, for heavens' sake. I thought we'd go dancing."

But Betsy, deep in her book, would scarcely hear him. Cary would wander around the room disconsolately; finally, bored, he'd pick up the book.

An hour later, Betsy would nudge him. "Hey, I asked if you want a cup of coffee."

Cary would look up, blink. "Coffee? Oh, ah, sure. Sure. As soon as I finish this chapter."

To his amazement, he found himself reading more and more. He went through Betsy's entire library finally, fiction, non-fiction, travel books, science—everything.

"Is there anything at all," he asked her one day, "that you're not interested in?"

She thought it over. "Nope, I guess not. How about you?"

"I thought there were a lot of things," Cary said thoughtfully. "But I guess I was wrong." He looked around. "Betsy, how did you ever find time to read so much, do so much?"

"I guess," she said slowly, "it was because I was alone." She looked up, and the wonderful smile broke out. "Now, for the first time, I'm not alone any more . . ."

As much as she gave to him, he gave to her. Knowledge of how to dress, how to do her hair, how to talk to people—all the things she had never had time to learn, he taught her. With Cary beside her she was no longer plain. Her friends discovered to their surprise that little Betsy was pretty after all. No, not exactly pretty. Beautiful was more like it.

What she did for Cary's soul, he did for

her poise. In both cases it was an undreamed-of blessing.

They were married on Christmas Day, 1949. It was that day because it was the one out of all the year when Cary's closest friend, Howard Hughes, could be reasonably sure of not being tied up with business. To keep the wedding private, they told no one but Howard, drove out to an airport in a borrowed car, climbed over a back fence onto a runway, and were picked up there by Howard in a Constellation airplane. They landed in a deserted field in Arizona and were taken to a farmhouse to be married. The minister had no idea who was getting married, and cared less; to Betsy and Cary it was perfect. To Howard Hughes it must have been somewhat nerve-racking because, in perfect best-man tradition, he dropped the wedding ring and he, Cary and Betsy had to crawl around on the floor looking for it while the minister tapped his foot.

When it was over, Howard phoned RKO to tell them, kissed the bride and drove them back to the airport. As they got out of the car, they saw a group of people waving to them from the hangar. "The press," Cary groaned, and turned to run. But it wasn't the press. RKO had sent the news out on the radio via a special bulletin. A cowboy who had seen the huge Constellation land put two and two together, gathered up his friends, and brought a bottle of champagne to toast the newlyweds.

It was a gloriously happy moment.

They came home to a house and garden in Beverly Hills, to dozens of lavish presents, hastily bought by their friends (the most expensive came from Barbara Hutton), to a host of reporters—and to the gossip.

"That little nobody! Imagine her getting Cary Grant!"

"Don't worry, she won't have him long. If Barbara Hutton couldn't keep him, nobody could. Just wait till she starts to run into his past all over the place. . . ."

There wasn't long to wait.

One of their first guests was Countess Dorothy di Frasso. Cary, introducing her to Betsy, took a deep breath and said in a rush: "It was Dorothy, you know, sweetie, who introduced me to Barbara." It had to be said, because in any conversation with Dorothy, Barbara would pop up—they were such close friends. But because it had to be said didn't mean that Betsy had to like it. Cary watched her hazel eyes open wider, and wondered anxiously. She would be polite, no doubt. But afterwards would she tell him to keep his former wives' old girl friends out of her house and her life? She would, of course, have every right.

But the look in the brown eyes was not anger but honest interest. "How do you do?" said Betsy Drake Grant. "I'd like to meet Barbara myself, you know. She sent us such a beautiful gift . . ."

And only a few years later it was Betsy, at Cary's side, who performed the last, greatest act of friendship for the Countess. Dorothy di Frasso died alone in Hollywood, and the night before her funeral, when the curious and the sad had finished paying their respects to the body, it was Cary and Betsy who walked into the mortuary and kept vigil through the night beside the coffin.

"She hated to be alone," they said then, simply. And so the two of them, their faces pale in the dimly-lit, flower-banked room sat all night long and tried to talk and laugh, so that Dorothy would know she had friends with her—always.

But Cary's past was to come even closer than that. There was the time he put down a telephone and turned to Betsy to say:

*a must for every  
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# TV's Top Stars



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"I—uh—just spoke to my son. He'd like to come for a visit. . . ."

"Your son?" Betsy said, astounded. "Cary, you haven't got a son!"

Cary turned slightly purple. "Oh, of course. I mean, my—my step-son."

Betsy's voice was even more bewildered. "But I haven't got a child, so how can you have a step-son? What on earth . . . ?"

"I'm putting it very badly," Cary sighed. "What I mean is—I know it's a lot to ask of you under the circumstances, but—it's Barbara's son Lance. He wondered if he could stay with us a while. We—we used to be very close."

It was a lot to ask. But Betsy, looking at her husband, saw deeply as she always did. Saw how much Cary wanted them to have children of their own, how deep the hurt had gone when it looked as if there wouldn't be any.

"Of course," she said softly. "Ask your son to stay with us as long as he likes."

Of course, not everything was perfect, not right away. There were the little things. Reading was not Betsy's only hobby: she wrote, she painted, she swam. Shortly after their marriage she decided to take up photography. As with everything she does, she threw herself whole-heartedly into it. Within a week, their honeymoon house was bursting with cameras, flash bulbs, light meters. On literally every chair were stacks of manuals about picture-taking. Cary, stumbling for the fourteenth time over one of eight tripods, finally lost his temper.

"Betsy, you've got to find a hobby that doesn't take up so much room! Why don't you learn how to write on the head of a pin?"

And there was the time that they shocked Hollywood by telling a reporter calmly that they not only had twin beds but separate rooms!

"Cary believes in it," Betsy said blithely. It would have been too hard to explain that he was just now, under Betsy's guidance, learning that being alone for a while could do wonderful things for a man, that he had to have a place now where he could shut a door and be completely alone with the new personality emerging from himself. In the storm of interest the separate rooms aroused, a dozen reporters appeared at the Grant house. Betsy, remembering all the things Cary had told her about courtesy-at-all-times, tried to be polite. Finally it was too much and she threw caution to the winds.

"How much do you charge for your magazine?" she demanded of the writer. "Fifteen cents."

"Well, for fifteen cents, nobody gets into our bedroom!"

These two people had found so much within themselves, with each other that, at first, they really didn't need anyone else. To those whom they loved, Dorothy di Frasso, Lance, Ingrid Bergman, the Stewart Grangers (they were god-parents to little Tracy Granger) they were friends for a lifetime, friends far beyond the ordinary run. But for the world at large—they were too busy being together.

And there was nothing they didn't do together. They went on health kicks together; for a while they lived exclusively on a Vitamin C thing called "Rose Hips." When Betsy took up writing instead of acting—because it left her free to be with Cary—he insisted on reading her every page. "Then he would tell me exactly what was wrong with it. I would get furious, rave and rant—and then when I calmed down I'd know he was perfectly right. He's a perfectionist, that's all." So successful has the collaboration been that Betsy today is a top TV writer (she uses pseudonyms) and, though she denies it, some of her

friends credit her with having written the script of Cary's new picture, "Houseboat."

And the togetherness went deeper than that. "I'm sick and tired," Cary said recently, "of being questioned about why I look young for my age and why I keep trim. Why should the idiots make so much of it? Why don't they emulate it, rather than gasp about it? Everyone wants to keep fit, so what do they do—they poison themselves with the wrong foods, they poison their lungs with smoking, they clog their pores with greasy make-up, they drink poison liquids."

"What can they expect?"

Pretty strong talk for a man who admits that, only a few years ago, he was a chain smoker and a frequent social drinker. How did the change come about?

"Betsy hypnotized me. Literally. She studied up on hypnotism, and when I decided to give up smoking, she tried it out. She put me into a trance and planted a post-hypnotic suggestion that I would hate smoking. We went to sleep and, the next morning, I reached for a cigarette, just as I always did. I took one puff—and instantly I felt nauseated. I didn't take another that day, and I haven't had one since."

Nor does he over-eat, over-drink, or gain weight any more.

"I have only one vice left. Making love to my wife." He would grin at you. "I recommend love."

"She is the only person in the world who has ever belonged entirely to me," Cary had once said of Betsy. "I love her so much that—words fail me." But after nine years, Cary had to face the reality of a marriage that had ceased to be a marriage. Betsy might belong to him, but she couldn't be left to wait alone for him in the unfeeling manner of a possession. He couldn't be that selfish to anyone he loved that much. He had to set her free.

"As far back as I can remember, I longed for a home of my own. for roots," Betsy had once said. "All my life I never had any until I met Cary. . . ." She'd given up her acting career and turned to writing, a lonely, solitary profession, so that her career wouldn't conflict with Cary's career or with their marriage. Now, after nine years, she could pace the empty halls in the tragic knowledge that she still had not found the home she longed for so deeply. She knew that Cary would welcome her along on his many trips to make pictures in Spain or England, in France or Italy, or on his promotional tours throughout the States. But this, too, was not her way of life. She would go back to acting—at least until she found that true home.

"We have had, and shall always have, a deep love and respect for each other," their mutual statement read. "But, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired. So, since we have no children needful of our affection, it is consequently best that we separate for a while. . . . There are no plans for divorce. . . . We ask our friends to be patient with, and understanding of our decision."

They made the statement, each with a deep desire for what was best for the other. They smiled, each brave for the other, at their last time together for . . . for how long?

It was as simple as that. A glamorous man with an unhappy heart. A plain girl who had been lonely all her life. Love brought them together once—and though they are parting almost for love's sake, it may bring them together again. THE END

YOU'LL ENJOY CARY IN M-G-M'S "NORTH BY NORTHWEST" AND BETSY IN 20TH'S "INTENT TO KILL."



# LESLIE CARON

Continued from page 24

"Hmm," we thought, "who's that peeking from behind the toy counter?" Then when the girl straightened up to examine a floppy, flannel lion that a dark, good-looking man was holding before him, we couldn't have been more surprised. "Why, it's Leslie Caron!" We'd thought that *Gigi*—that is Leslie—was supposed to be in London with her director husband, Peter Hall.

Over the whirr of electric trains and the squeals of dolls who said "mamma," we hailed her. She turned, waved us over to her side and introduced us to the dark young man, who turned out to be her husband, a charming young man with the face of a grown-up cherub. And, as Peter and I chatted, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Leslie's eyes were fixed with fascination on a display of lions and tigers. Peter noticed, too, and said, "My wife talks to animals." And sure enough, that's just what she was doing. She was addressing a particularly large stuffed tiger who was lounging in the shade of an enormous lion: "My, you're so pretty," she said with warmth, "the very prettiest tiger I think I've ever seen. Yes, really, bar none—even real ones. Such handsome stripes and bright green eyes." And then she added, almost reassuringly, "I'm sure you'll find a good home this Christmas."

"Darling," Peter interrupted, "if you're worried about him, why don't we give him a home this Christmas?"

"Oh yes, let's do," she answered. "I'd hate to think of him having to sit here until the after-Christmas sale—or even longer. Think what it would do to his pride." Peter nodded grave agreement.

"Oh look, Peter," she cried picking up a big brown teddy bear (just what Elvis wants, we decided). "Why," she laughed, "he's just the same size as Christopher!"

"Christopher," Peter put in, "is our little eighteen-month-old boy."

"Yes," added the proud mother. "And did you know he's been able to whistle since he was eight months old!"

We said, "My goodness!"

"It was the funniest thing, the way it started," she said. "One day when we were home in London, I was all alone in the house, except for Chris. He was napping in his crib and I was in our bedroom near-

by. Suddenly—I heard a whistle. 'The pipes?' I wondered. Then I heard it again and was a little frightened because I thought I was all alone. I was on the verge of phoning Peter at the theater to ask him what I should do when I thought of Chris. 'He's being kidnaped!' The horrible thought flashed across my mind. So I dashed into his room and there he was, snuggled in his crib—whistling! He just woke and wanted a little attention. Isn't that amazing for a child his age!"

We agreed heartily as the three of us passed on down the counter to the train sets—and what train sets—it looked like the yards of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe thrown in. There were freight trains, steam engines, miles of coaches, it seemed, and charming little trees and railroad stations dotting the landscape. Peter stopped dead in his tracks.

"Wouldn't Christopher go mad for this!" he breathed.

Leslie whispered to me, "And so does he."

Peter pressed a button outside the display and one of the engines went "Tooot!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Leslie. "Now we've lost him. As if we didn't have enough traveling to do in real life, my husband must be a model train addict!" Asked if traveling made marriage harder—separated them for long periods, Leslie said: "No, not really. We're not the kind of theater people who insist on working on the same projects—even though Peter did direct me in the London stage version of 'Gigi'—but we do like to be in the same place at the same time. And so far it's worked very well. We've decided that London will be home base because that's where Peter most often is working. I'll try to arrange my picture schedule so that I'm in California only when he's free to come here on vacation."

"Oh, uh, I want to see if I can't get Mother some perfume," said quick-thinking Mrs. Hall suddenly to get rid of her husband so she could buy his present.

We crossed the crowded store, dodging small children on their way to see Santa Claus, and threaded our way along until we reached the sports counter. The salesman was showing a woman some sports equipment. As she turned for a second to look at the wall clock, we realized it was Dolores Hope—Bob's wife. Leslie went

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over to her and they exchanged surprised greetings of "How's Bob . . ." "In town three weeks. . . ." while we stood by.

"What in the world is that?" Leslie asked, pointing down to some little fur objects on the counter.

"That," said Dolores, "is the latest in covers for golf club handles—mink, yet! Bob figures if he takes care of his golf clubs in style, they'll return the favor and help him do eighteen holes under eighty-four strokes. I only hope," Dolores sighed sadly, "that husband of mine stays in town long enough to use them." Then Mrs. Hope's expression lighted up, "Why not get a set for your husband?"

"I'd really love to buy them for Peter," Leslie said, "but how can I? He doesn't play golf!"

Lugging a brand new backgammon set for Mr. Hall, we trudged back to the toy department where he was still entranced with the model trains.



"Blast it!" came a low moan from Peter, who had just accidentally derailed an express.

Then quickly he leaned over the glass partition, righted the engine and cars and silently grabbing Leslie's arm, hustled her away down the aisle.

When we stopped for breath, we found ourselves in front of some toy houses—a lovely corner of miniature domesticity.

"Funny, but when I was a child I never played a great deal with toys and dolls and things like that," and she gestured toward the miniatures. "I started dancing when I was ten and somehow the idea of a home and family was pushed out of my dreams by the idea of becoming a ballerina." Reminded that that's exactly what she did become—and a mighty famous one at the age of eighteen when she was picked out of Roland Petit's Paris ballet to appear in "An American in Paris"—Leslie laughed. "That's true, but it took me so long to develop a real set of values, to find out that a husband and family are the most exciting goals to work for." And with a backward glance at the miniatures we wandered down to the doll section.

At the far end of the counter stood the figure of a prima ballerina, her tutu of an iridescent silver texture, a small

crown upon her head, caught in a pose of eternal beauty. Beneath it a pink fan was spread out and on it rested two satin dancing slippers.

Leslie gently lifted the ballerina off her pedestal and held her up. "She is so lovely, yet somehow so sad. When she is twenty she will be loved and applauded. At thirty she will be at the peak of her talents, and at forty? Then there will be nothing for her but to teach the young ones."

Then, coming out of her reverie, "That is how it so often goes." And she rested a slim gloved hand on Peter's arm. "It could have been that way for me. But fortunately, I wasn't that dedicated to my career. Do you know why I decided never to dance again? Well, after Christopher was born, I made myself get back into practice again—after all, it's not easy to give up such a big part of one's life. I worked up my practice periods from a half-hour a day to hours and hours. Then, one evening after I'd been practicing—oh, I don't know how long, I was so exhausted I got a chill and had to wrap myself in a blanket and drink hot tea. And I thought to myself, 'This is so foolish. Here I am, a happily married wife and mother with a wonderful future before me and I'm trying to kill myself. For what?' And suddenly, there was just no answer to that. So I decided I would never dance again. And I still feel I never will."

Peter's eye was caught by a collection of toy soldiers in suits of armor.

"I really ought to have one of those," he said. "A director can't be too careful these days!"

"You should have had it the first time I met you," Leslie murmured.

"You're telling me! You see, what happened is, they hired another Peter—Peter Glenville to direct the stage version of 'Gigi,' the first show Leslie did in London after leaving Hollywood three years ago. She was delighted when she heard who was to do it. Then, suddenly, plans were changed and they brought me in as substitute. I won't say the quick-switch horrified her, but it must have been unnerving."

"It certainly was," Leslie picked up the thread of the tale. "I'm afraid I was ready to be disagreeable when I met Peter number two, but after the first rehearsal I found myself saying, 'He's marvelous!' every time anyone would ask me. Then I suddenly realized I was in love with him—and I don't think he was too far behind," and she looked to Peter for agreement.

Just to tease, he said, "Well-I," and appeared very uncertain.

"Then, too," Leslie continued, trying to suppress her amusement, "Peter's rather outgoing and I'm shy. But some of his ease with people rubbed off on me, I think, and I got so I didn't even mind making a 'thank you' speech opening night."

"That was quite a change for me because up until then, I'm afraid, I considered most of the people I worked for—including the audiences and especially the executive people in charge as . . . as . . ." and she searched for the right word, finally pointing and saying, "like that." There on the floor was a huge bear with a friendly yet slightly menacing expression on his face. "But Peter's given me such a feeling of assurance that now I can hold my own with almost everyone. Why, I spent months begging M-G-M for new, more adult roles and now they agree with me that I was right and they were wrong!"

"And that's not the only way she's changed," put in Peter. "Don't you think she looks different?" We agreed and added that furthermore we'd noticed it when we first saw her but we'd hesitated to bring it up until she did. At this, she threw

back her head and laughed. "I really don't have the same face I did three years ago," she beamed. "I mean," she continued, "when I went back to M-G-M for retakes on 'Gigi,' Bill Tuttle, head of makeup, looked at me and seemed very puzzled. I said, 'What's the matter, Bill?' But he didn't answer—just went on looking at me suspiciously. Then, in the middle of doing my hair, he threw the comb down on the table with a bang and went over to the wall where he keeps life masks he makes of players when they first come to the studio. He took mine down and brought it over. Then he shook his finger at me and said, 'I was right! You just don't look like this girl!' And I said, 'That's right, Bill, because I'm not. I'm so happy these days I really am a different person!'"

"I think I will buy Chris those railroad trains," Peter suddenly broke in, as if he'd been mulling over the idea and finally come to a decision. "And I think I'll buy your mother something in the jewelry line rather than the lamps. And I think," he said looking down at the large box under Leslie's arm, "that is very, very big for a bottle of perfume."

Leslie's face went rosy as she clutched Peter's backgammon set a little tighter under her arm. "Now that we're on the subject, just what is that package on the floor next to you? You weren't really watching the trains all the time we were away shopping, were you?" she asked disconcertingly.

It was Peter's turn to redden as he shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another. "Well," he began. "I can't tell a lie and I won't tell the truth, either, so I suggest we all go out and have something to eat. Incidentally, darling," he said to Leslie as he led us swiftly onward, "have you ever thought of taking up golf?"

THE END

LESLIE'S NEXT FOR M-G-M IS GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."





# MARK DAMON

Continued from page 54

along the streets: the big healthy oaks with their shimmering green leaves, the lopsided ginkgoes with their skinny branches that remind you of crazy clown poses, the droopy weeping willows that almost touched the ground from their sadness. When we got to the Met we quenched our thirst with tall glasses of iced tea in the museum's spacious cafeteria and then we wandered through the lonely, vaulted halls to the second floor where all the Rodin statues embraced in the slanting three o'clock sunlight—young milkmaids and husky he-men, all in white marble, together forever, and I remember saying to her, "Gosh, Rodin sure knew about love, didn't he?"

We didn't say very much as we walked along the hushed museum hallways, looking at the happy statue lovers all over the place. The hot sun was streaming through the huge skylight in a wide shaft of brilliance, and it gilded the statues with its glow and suddenly (maybe it was the sun that beat on our heads and set us crazy for a minute) there we were, standing in front of Rodin's most famous work, "The Kiss," and the two of us looked at it for a long, long time, and suddenly, just like clockwork, we stepped behind it and looked at each other with searching eyes and we leaned forward and we kissed!

I was knocked for a loop, flabbergasted. If you had told me this was going to happen earlier that day, I'd have said you were out of your mind. But there we were, sure as the sun was shining, with our lips touching and with my heart thundering in the stillness of that musty museum and I can remember saying to myself, "Wow! The most unexpected things

her likes and dislikes, the schools she had gone to, what kind of friends she had, all the things that made her the girl that caused a ticklish sensation in my throat. I read a book recently where Gertrude Stein says every time she meets a genius a bell rings in her head. Well, with me, it seems my throat tickles when I really fall for a girl, and so far it tickles for one girl. Only for her.

What did we do the rest of that day? She had to go home to dinner. She was living at a girl's residence and dinner was served promptly on the dot of six o'clock. I had suggested cheeseburgers and Cokes at a little luncheonette, but she said no. I wished I could have offered to take her to Sardi's or the Stork Club, but, being a struggling actor, I was budgeting pennies to make ends meet.

So I went home to my dingy closet of an apartment on New York's West Side and I played an Elvis record on my portable phonograph, and I began to dance, all by myself—out of excitement, I guess—until I collapsed on my daybed. After a while I fell asleep, dreaming of her.

In the morning, I knew I had to make the dream last. So I called her. From that day on, we began doing things together, seeing plays (Standing Room Only—that was all I could afford), catching the second-run movies in the cheap movie houses along Times Square, loafing in the free museums where we would duck behind a statue sometimes and sneak a quick, laughing kiss.

All through those days we got to know each other. She told me she was spoiled. She came from a well-to-do family and had been isolated. She wanted to see and meet different kinds of people, to be a good actress. I told her I came from the slums of Chicago (I was, I admit, a little ashamed to tell this), and that I would show her the world, the real world. I wasn't afraid of the seamy side of life, and I led her to it. I pointed out how the poor people lived in Hell's Kitchen, Harlem and in the miserable Lower East Side with its Bowery flophouses.

She didn't like it.

One summer night we were walking through Greenwich Village and we stopped in a down-a-flight-of-stairs coffee house with blue lights, and as we sipped espresso coffee, I finally told her how much I loved her. I couldn't hold it back any longer. . .

She told me, "I like you a lot."

"Only like?" I said with disappointment in my voice.

She hedged.

"But I love you," I told her again. And suddenly I was afraid to ask if she loved me for fear she'd say she didn't.

She said, "I like you, Mark, but . . . we're more like brother and sister."


Now, that's enough to take the beat out of any man's heart. Slumping in my chair across from her, I said, "Why . . . why do you think I'm like a brother?"

"Well," she said. "There's so much I have to do to help you."


I wanted to know *what*. And she told me she didn't like the way I buttered a whole slice of bread. It was impolite. The proper thing to do was to break it in half before buttering it. She didn't like the way I mis-pronounced French words when I tried to appear worldly by dropping a flip foreign word or phrase into a sentence. She said it was crude of me to go out at night in a baggy sweater and an open shirt and khaki pants. In the city men always wore suits and neckties.

I blushed. I stammered. And told her how much I respected her manners. I told her I'd change. She smiled and said, "Let's see."

We sat for a while in that Blue Moon cafe, and I changed the subject to plays



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and books, to all the intellectual things she knew so much about. It was a mistake. She was so much smarter than I could ever be, and as we talked I felt worse and worse—unsure of myself, squelched. Soon only she was talking, about jazz, and poetry, and what makes people tick. I just listened, and felt miserable. And then later that night we walked along those rambling Greenwich Village streets, hand in hand at midnight, and I told myself over and over again, "I must change. I will change. She'll have to fall in love with me. I'll show her."

Next day I bought a copy of Emily Post's book of etiquette. When I told her about it, she smiled and said, "But it's such a big book and it'll take so long for you to read it. So, instead, maybe I can help you; let me try to teach you."

That was nice to hear. She was concerned, she wanted to help me. Perhaps I had a chance.

Still, I studied a little of Emily Post at night and I tried to show her my new-found manners whenever we met, and she would smile and nod pleasantly and tell me she was impressed.

That autumn and winter we took acting classes together at Sandy Meisner's. We'd go to the all-night cafeterias after class, and we'd talk about acting and the kind of people we wanted to be when we grew older: bright, witty, sophisticated and easy-to-get-along-with. We ate sweet rolls and drank black coffee, and invariably we'd end up talking abstractly about love.

But talking's not enough. I just didn't want to listen to her from across a table. I decided to make her jealous.

In the midst of that winter I began dropping names during our conversations of other girls I'd gone out with and the things we did. You won't believe what she said. "That's good," she told me. "I'm glad you're seeing other people besides myself."

How does a fellow break down such a wall? "But don't you want me to see you? Only you?" I'd say.

She'd answer, "I want you to do whatever makes you happy."

So I'd get all mixed-up, and I'd try to figure out what she meant. Didn't she know I could only be happy with her? Or didn't she?

Well, polish up your manners, Damon, I told myself, and sooner or later she'll get with it. I polished and polished but it did no good. Yes, we kept seeing each other, but there was always the Wall. She kept me at arm's length until spring. Then she called me up one Sunday and said, "Let's take a walk. I feel like getting out in the air. Only don't get all dressed up, huh?"

"What?" I said, raising my voice in disbelief.

"Let's not get all dressed up. We can go to Central Park and lie in the grass and relax. I don't feel like wearing fancy clothes. Okay?"

Of course it was okay. But what happened to her? No fancy clothes?

We met that April afternoon and battled the thick Fifth Avenue crowds, all the people showing off their Sunday best. She was wearing a pink sweater and skirt, and I was wearing a white polo shirt and a pair of corduroys.

We headed for the park and looked at the animals in the zoo. We made faces at a family of monkeys, but the monkeys pointed at us and laughed. I said, "I'll bet they're laughing at us because we're wearing old clothes!"

But she shrugged her shoulders and said, "You're not ashamed, are you?"

I couldn't figure her out. That day the sky was the bluest blue, little tufts of green were beginning to appear on the

bare trees. We lay under a tall tree near the pond and looked up at the white, cotton-candy clouds swimming in the blue above. We played games. This cloud looked like her dad; that cloud looked like my friend Jeff; a pretty cloud looked like her. We let the afternoon slip through our fingers like sand, and as the sun began to go down behind the canyon-like skyscrapers facing the Park, we began walking along the bushy paths and suddenly the two of us stopped in the middle of a dusty dirt road, although we hadn't said a word to each other—almost like the day we stepped behind the Rodin statue in the Museum—and we kissed tenderly.

This was a love kiss, our first. I closed my eyes and let my lips linger on hers. Then I held her in my arms and whispered my deep love to her.

There were footsteps behind us, but neither of us moved. The footsteps passed us as we stood arms around each other, and neither of us looked up. I don't know if Emily Post has rules for such situations, but I didn't care—and more important, *she didn't care either*. Love is meant to make its own rules.

That was the beginning of happiness, or was it?

In the days that followed, she admitted she was falling in love with me (finally!), but she said it wasn't right. Our careers came first. It was wonderful, this beauty of first love, but we were too young, she said. How could we settle down while we were still unknown actors?

I told her I could—and I would. I'd clerk in a store or run an elevator in the Empire State Building. We could rent a small apartment and by scrimping and saving make ends meet.

With love, we could get along, couldn't we?

Sure, she said, we could. For a while.



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We liked a lot of the same things. Chinese chicken with almonds. Jumpy cha-cha-chas and symphonic music. L'il Abner and Peanuts. Pizza pie and pineapple malteds and hamburgers with the works.

But no, she said, it had to be more than this for marriage. We had to be willing to compromise on a lot of things.

I told her I could and I would.

She shook her head no.

Still, we saw each other steadily for another year. And on the anniversary day of our first kiss in the Metropolitan Museum, I surprised her with a charm bracelet of personal trinkets: two hearts, a wooden bench in honor of Central Park, a slice of pizza pie . . .

Again I started to talk of marriage, but she stopped me. Her tears stopped me. Then she managed to speak. She was leaving New York. She was going to Hollywood. We weren't good for each other, she said. We were holding one another back. I begged and pleaded with her to stay, but she said no, she had made up her mind.

We ate that evening at the Tavern-on-the-Green, and we danced by the light of the summer moon in the open-air pavilion in Central Park. Later we took a ride in a hansom cab all along the dark roadways of the park, and we heard the thin summer breezes rustling the trees and bushes.

Suddenly, I let go of her hand. Before I'd been hurt, now I was ashamed. "You're a fool. She doesn't love you," I told myself. "She's leaving you flat and going to Hollywood. She loves Hollywood more."

So I sat in the corner of the leather seat of the hansom. I felt that already I was alone, already she had left me. I took her home, and that was the last night I saw her in New York.

She left for Hollywood that next week, and in a few weeks I tagged along after her. But she was busy, trying to get started in the movies. Soon I was busy, too.

Then we both got lucky breaks, and the world of success opened to us. Sure, we would run into each other at the studios, at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor, in the coffee houses along the Sunset Strip. Sometimes we'd have dinner together and exchange news about our careers, and before I knew it we began dating again.

Off and on we dated for another year; and then a few months back she broke off again. "Let's wait a while, let a few months pass." Now, suddenly it's almost Christmas, and I look at the telephone in my apartment and I say, "Should I? Shouldn't I?" Then something inside of me says, "Call her if you want. Call her and say happy holidays. But forget it, forget the rest of it." And my heart cries no, it doesn't want to forget all those memories of our moments together.

Then the same voice that tells me to forget seems to say, "Mark, take a lesson from nature. Learn patience. Nature needs time to heal wounds, to make seeds grow, to have a butterfly spin itself out of a cocoon."

So, maybe I'm not her kind of guy. Maybe she got tired of trying to make me a gentleman. Or maybe she just didn't love me.

Guess things happen that way.

Still, I sit here remembering our first kiss, and the time in the Park when we were so close that nothing else in the world mattered, and the afternoon I gave her the charm bracelet . . . And I look at the telephone and wonder, "Should I? Shouldn't I?"—over and over and over again.

THE END

WATCH FOR MARK DAMON IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE PARTY CRASHERS."



# JAYNE MANSFIELD

Continued from page 45

On the way to Holmby Hills, I puzzled the cab driver by chuckling quietly. I was just imagining how Jayne would take this happy announcement. Her no-furniture gag looked like the topper to all her publicity stunts. The modest, retiring Mansfield had been flaunting pink cars, pink mink coats, pink champagne baths, pink-tinted poodles.

Or did she have a sense of humor? There must be an actual person behind the character built up by headlines, the flutter-brained blonde. Would she drop the pose, if it was a pose? Well, here was her house, whoever she was. Jayne later described the house as "Mediterranean modern with a dash of Spanish thrown in." But there was more than a dash of early Hollywood in the imposing pile of stucco and tile.

The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, who spoke a few words in some foreign language, smiled pleasantly and motioned me in through the empty foyer into what I supposed was the living room. And there she left me, alone in the wide open spaces. Sure enough—no furniture, except for a couple of stray chairs parked forlornly against the wall. The click of my heels echoed around the huge room as I started the journey across it. To judge by the sound of talking and hammering in the far reaches of the house, the other rooms must be as bare as this one.

"You Mrs. Hargitay?"

The booming voice startled me, and I turned to see a big man, mopping his forehead, in the doorway I had just come through. "Who, me?" I said.

"Yeah, you. I got the piano here, but I don't think we can get it through the door."

"Oh, I know you can if you really try," a soft voice said from overhead. On one of the two balconies that overlooked the living room stood Jayne Mansfield, in black velvet slacks and a pinkish maternity jacket.

The piano mover gaped. "Sure, Mrs. Hargitay. Sure, we can do it." Off he went.

Tossing me a friendly greeting, Jayne disappeared from the balcony and reappeared a few seconds later in the doorway. She flourished a hand gaily at the empty room. "You see the fix we're in, and upstairs it's just as bad. There isn't even a bed for Mickey and me!"

"Yes, we heard that. So we thought—"

"But everything's going to be all right, now that the piano's here."

Night-club singers have been known to lean against a piano or even sit on it. But to sleep on it? Jayne caught my bewilderment and laughed. "If the piano's here, that means the rest of the furniture must be about ready."

It still sounded a trifle phony. "I know the furniture from your old house wouldn't fill this place, but couldn't you have used it, just temporarily?"

The blond hair swirled gently as Jayne shook her head. "I sold the house furnished. The man who bought it insisted on that—especially the bed. He even wanted me to leave a lock of my hair tacked to the wall," she giggled. "So I asked Mickey's permission, and he thought it was just as funny as I thought it was, and I did. Anyhow, we didn't want to keep any of the furniture. We're having everything new, everything custom-made."

It was my turn to shake my head. "Jayne, you have just killed a great idea. And here we were feeling so sorry for you two." I explained all about the big campaign to help furnish the Hargitays' house.

"Ooh, but that's terrific!" Jayne shrieked. "I bet we'd have picked up some real gassers. I'm almost sorry we've already—No. I'm not sorry about anything that's going to be in this house. We've thought about it and talked and planned for all these months." She squeezed her eyes shut. "I can just see it." Slowly, she opened her eyes wide. "By Christmastime it's all going to be perfect. And that's important, because Christmas is special. It will be my first as Mickey's wife. It will be our baby's first."

"Christmas morning—I don't care if it's 110 degrees outside—we'll have a fire going over there." She was looking at the walk-in-size fireplace. "Jayne Marie and Mickey will be opening their presents. So will my mother and stepfather—they're coming in from Dallas for the holidays. Over here we'll have a big wreath."

Jayne was standing beside the vast picture window that framed the downward-sloping lawn. Flanking it were two niches, with a stone statue in each. "At least, we had these statues to start out with. Aren't they beautiful? We bought them in Europe, after I'd finished making 'The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw.' Imagine that—going abroad to make a western! The craziest things happen to me! So here we had these statues, and I thought—it would sort of go with—we'd have a lavender marble fountain put in, right near the window. Oh, come on—I've got to show you everything!"

Across the living room she went, past the scattered samples of wallpaper, color charts of various paints, swatches of carpeting and drapery fabric, lengths of wood for paneling. Trotting after her, I found her enthusiasm catching.

"This," Jayne announced, opening a door, "is going to be the ladies' powder room—pink chairs, antique mirrors all around, with a pinkish cast. Am I glad that piano's here! I really need it—I've had to use a compact to put on my makeup for ages."

Must be a very unusual piano, I thought. "You see," Jayne chattered on, "none of the mirrors have been installed in the house yet, not even in the bathrooms."

"There're ten bathrooms—or is it eleven? We keep counting them over, and it keeps coming out different. Anyhow, we've had to wait for the mirrors because we're having special pink ones made. But the piano—all white and gold—has a gold antique mirror on the top. See?"

"Uh-huh." Simple, I thought. Next time I want to powder my nose, I'll go to a piano store and buy a Steinway.

"Now here's the men's powder room. It'll look like an old tavern when it's finished—rippled ebony paneling and red leather on the walls. And here's Mickey's den—and here's Mickey. Hi, darling."

"Hi, sweetheart."

We'd reached the source of the hammering. Supervised by Jayne's husky husband, two men were working on the same type of paneling to be used in the room next door. "This is going to be my office, too," Mickey said, "headquarters for Hargitay Health products."

"Mickey's a real businessman," Jayne said proudly as she pulled me along on the conducted tour. "And he used to be a carpenter, too, so everything's got to be done just right. That's one reason why we moved into the house as soon as we got back from Europe, without waiting for the furniture. We've had a whole new heating system put in, and an inter-com and a hi-fi system. Right here we're going to have another statue from Europe, with a leather-covered bench around it."

I was back in the main foyer, but I had no time to stop and imagine the statue in place. Jayne was opening another door. "Here's the dining room. In that corner



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there'll be a big cupboard. Mickey's building it himself. And we'll have a marble-top table big enough for thirty or forty people. I hope we can have just mobs of our friends around during the holidays. Now upstairs!"

Considering her eight-month condition, Jayne seemed to be setting a pretty fast pace up the steps, but she sighed, "Right now I wish the elevator was in. We're having a well cut through all three floors for it. *That* will have to go!" "That" was a heavy Spanish chandelier suspended in the center of the huge stairwell. "We've ordered the most beautiful new chandelier—all crystal—absolutely brilliant!"

Peering through the next doorway that Jayne led me to, I felt suddenly disillusioned. For there, in an otherwise empty room, was a large object that was unmistakably a bed—nice, comfortable one, too—neatly made-up. Had those newspaper stories been partly a publicity gag, after all?

A few seconds later, I was ashamed of my suspicions. "Jayne Marie's room," said Jayne Marie's mother. "We couldn't have her sleeping on a mattress on the floor, like Mickey and me. But this bed isn't finished. It's going to have a wide headboard, so Jayne Marie can spread out her collection of dolls. She has some new ones, that we bought in Europe. And she has some old ones, that were mine when I was a little girl."

Standing in the doorway, Jayne tilted her head back against the doorjamb, her eyes dreaming into the past. "When I was her age—just past eight—I used to imagine living in a place like this—the way it's going to look when it's finished, I mean. I always thought of Hollywood as my real home, do you know that? Even years before I came here."

Somehow, that confidence cast a new light on the fabulous house and all its wonders-to-be; the pink, fur-like covering for the bathroom walls; the limestone walls (genuine fossils embedded in them) and the white carpeting for the second non-business den, hideaway for Jayne and Mickey. Seen through the eyes of a day-dreaming child, it all looked wonderful, with a certain endearing innocence. Of course, I knew Jayne Mansfield was no eight-year-old now; she was the girl who had boldly courted the press, shrewdly played the dumb-blonde role to the hilt for publicity's sake, tirelessly gone after the sort of life she wanted. But how fine to have kept that child's eagerness through it all! Here was no "Fame is such a bore" or "Money means nothing" line. Here was refreshing, honest enjoyment.

Something warmer filled the house, too—tender affection. Jayne had crossed the room, and she was holding a floppy-eared, pink and red stuffed rabbit. "This is Jayne Marie's favorite, so the room's going to be done to match it. The whole thing's going to be little-girlish, not sophisticated—the way Jayne Marie likes it, not the way I'd like it. After all, it's her room. Now, there's no use showing you the nursery, because it's not even started. We don't know whether the baby's going to be Miklos—after Mickey—or Camille Yvonne. So we're playing it safe, doing the nursery in pink, blue, lavender and yellow. That takes care of the future, too—we'd like at least five more children."

We were idling down the stairs. The sound of hammering had stopped, and Jayne was walking lightly, cautioning me to do the same. "Little Jayne's down in the kitchen. She's home from school today with a cold, and she's making lunch for Mickey. Everybody has to be terribly quiet when she's creating a new dish, so it won't fall. She had a terrible experience with her first try at a cake, and she hasn't gotten over it yet."

The kitchen, at least, was close to completion—fully electric, with all the equipment in shades of pink and turquoise. It was now the setting for one of the strangest, funniest, most touching scenes I've ever encountered. At the stove was little Jayne, fork in hand, looking very expert. Seated at the table, waiting patiently, were little Jayne's stepfather and the lady who had met me at the door. She and Mickey were chatting in the same language I'd heard before, so I gathered it must be his native tongue. When we were introduced, I was told that she was half of a Hungarian couple hired to take charge of the housekeeping.

Announcing that luncheon was about to be served, Jayne Marie graciously invited me to join the family in a meal consisting of string bean, peas, carrots, spinach and broccoli.

"Little Jayne's on a frozen-food kick this week," big Jayne said as she tackled her mound of mountain greenery. "Guess today is vegetable day."

Under Jayne Marie's proud and watchful eye, everybody ate with convincing gusto, though I almost choked on a moundful of broccoli when I spotted a large, sinister, dark hole gaping in one of the walls. "What's that?"

"It's going to be an aquarium," Jayne said, getting up to switch on a light inside the uninhabited cavern. "Pretty mad, huh? Mickey, what do you say we stock it with trout? Out of the aquarium into the frying pan—fishing on Sunset Boulevard!"

It wasn't just the enthusiasm that was catching—it was the whole crazy, zingy, daffy routine. The sudden appearance of a workman greeted as "Archie" was hardly surprising; the problem he presented began to sound like part of a perfectly normal home-decorating job. "Hey Jayne, how about those champagne baths you're always taking? I got an idea. Suppose I build a special cabinet right next to the tub, to keep the bottles in. You'll have the stuff handy when you want it, and when you're finished with 'em you can put 'em away there. That way, you won't have any empties cluttering up the bath mat. Okay?"

He disappeared without waiting for an answer. When his words finally sank in, I asked the laughing Jayne, "Is he really going to do it?"

"I wouldn't put it past him. Sometimes I think it's all getting out of hand, but I guess having a house redecorated right around you is always kind of confusing."

"Wonderful meal!" Mickey said, and we

all joined in complimenting the cook. "Now, Jaynie," he said, "how about those shelves in your room?"

"Oh yes!" The little girl jumped up, put her hand in her stepfather's and trailed off after him. "I know just exactly where I want you to build them."

Toying with the last of the vegetables, big Jayne looked after the two and listened to the receding chatter, the high-pitched young voice and the deep, Hungarian-accented voice. "It's the best sound in this house," she said. The voices blended into giggling and chuckling. "Whenever I hear them laughing like that, I want to stop whatever it is I'm doing and join them. But they should have their father-daughter times together, just the way little Jayne and I have our mother-daughter hours. Never can help wondering what the joke is, though."

Reluctantly, I explained that the taxi I'd ordered for the return trip must be about due, and my hostess went along on the hike to the main foyer (to be lighted by that brilliant crystal chandelier) and to the front door. "I wish there was time to show you the whole place. The downstairs is a shambles. It was a big game room, but we're doing it all over. There'll be a small projection room, so we can show movies whenever we want to, and there'll be sliding doors opening onto the garden. You know, we have two and a half acres, with woods and fish ponds and a darling miniature waterfall. Wonderful place for all our dogs and cats. And it'll be wonderful for kids, too."

Jayne sketched a circle on the outside of the front door after she'd opened it. "Right here, there'll be the biggest Christmas wreath I can find. And in the spring, we'll have a swimming pool put in—heart-shaped. I'm going to draw the shape myself. None of that professional stuff."

My head whirling, I walked a few steps away, to get one more look at the whole house, the mansion originally built by Rudy Vallee back in the days when he was king of the crooners. Nice to know that it was a last refuge for gay, unabashed Hollywood glamour. But maybe I should have some solid statistics. "How many rooms, Jayne?"

"Why, I've never added them up. Do you count bathrooms?"

I asked a passing workman the same question, and he seemed equally puzzled. "I couldn't honestly say, miss. I've been working here two weeks, and I run into something new every day. I hope it's a long job, though."

"Oh, nooo!" Jayne begged.

"I mean," he grinned, "it's gotten so I almost hate to go home nights. Every place else seems kinda dull after being around you people."

Frankly pleased, Jayne grinned back at him. I found myself smiling, then heard the sound of a car approaching and turned to find my taxi.

"Come back around the holidays," Jayne said. "You'll want to see the baby. And you won't recognize this place. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you—we're having the whole outside painted pink!"

I waved through the window as the taxi started around the curve of the drive. Standing in the doorway, Jayne waved back, and I could almost see a slimmer figure, hand raised in welcome, silhouetted against the light streaming from a house full of guests—and furniture. Our help-the-Hargitays campaign had backfired; maybe my story had fizzled; but I'd met some nice people and had a wonderful time. I'd take Jayne up on that invitation. (Would there *really* be a cabinet for pink champagne in the bathroom?) THE END

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# A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

Continued from page 42

from muscular dystrophy and that his case was incurable, although, thank God, he didn't know he was going to die. But even worse, in a way, was the fact that no one came to see him, no friends or relatives. The other children received postcards, presents, letters, and love . . . he received none of these.

Mrs. Reynolds wheeled Francis back to his own room. Carefully she helped him into bed. She sat down next to him and brushed a wisp of hair back from his forehead. He smiled at her for a second, and then he started saying his prayers.

"Dear God," he prayed, "this birthday, please have someone send me some cards for my birthday . . . funny cards with clowns on them . . . not many . . . just a couple. And God bless everyone . . . specially Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. Jellinek . . . and Jerry Lewis. He's funny . . . he makes me laugh. Good night, God."

Mrs. Reynolds turned out the light and bent over and kissed the little boy. Softly she said, "Little Boy Blue come blow your horn. The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn. And where is the boy who looks after the sheep?"

And Francis whispered, "He's under the haystack, fast asleep."

Mrs. Reynolds left the room and went in search of Dr. Jellinek. That night the two of them made a couple of telephone calls, one to Henry Bosworth, a feature writer for the Boston Herald, and the other to Jerry Lewis, national chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy Association, in California. And Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. Jellinek told both men about Little Boy Blue and his prayer.

After Jerry hung up the phone, he sat for a moment looking blankly at the far wall. Then he picked up the picture of Patti and the boys from his desk. He gazed at the face of each of his sons as if he were seeing it for the first time. One little boy. One little boy. Each of his own youngsters was one little boy. More precious to him than anything, more precious to him than life itself. And in Massachusetts, another little boy, one little boy, was dying but didn't know it, had a dream but didn't think it would come true.

Jerry heard the front door bang closed. "Gary," he thought, "Gary . . . Who else bangs the door?" And aloud he called,

"Gary, that you? Back from the game already?"

His son came into the study. Jerry stared at him, studying every feature of his young face, noticing the glow of health and the smile of happiness he saw there.

"What's wrong, Pop," Gary asked. "Why are you staring at me? Did I do something wrong?"

"Nothing," Jerry answered, "nothing. I was just remembering that you were once a little boy."

"Huh?"

Then Jerry told him about the phone call he had just received, and about Little Boy Blue.

For a second, Gary said nothing. but just for a second. "But Dad, that's awful . . . terrible . . . I mean can't we do something about it?"

Jerry smiled for the first time since he'd received the phone call. "I'm glad you used the word 'we,'" he said. "Yes. we are going to do something about it. We're going to see that Francis has the rip-roaringest birthday party a little boy ever had. And you're my number-one assistant in charge of practically everything."

Jerry glanced at his calendar and grunted, "Just a few days . . . some commitments I just can't get out of. But we'll do it. Somehow we'll do it."

The first phone call he made was to New York City, to General David Sarnoff, head of RCA and NBC-TV. He asked that an hour and a half closed-circuit TV time be made available from Hollywood, California, to Lakeville, Massachusetts, on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 7th. While the General was still sputtering "impossible," Jerry told him all about Little Boy Blue. All the gruffness went out of General Sarnoff's voice and he said gently, "Okay. We'll do it."

Then Jerry and Gary divided up a list of names. Between them they had all the top entertainment figures in Hollywood. Jerry made calls from the study and Gary made calls from the other phone, in the living room. At one point, Jerry took a break and went in to see how Gary was doing. The boy was saying, ". . . this means everything in the world to him . . . he thinks nobody cares . . . that must be awful. Okay? You will? Gee, thanks. And my father thanks you, too."

Jerry tiptoed from the room and returned to his study. He made more calls. In half an hour or so he and Gary tallied up the results. The stars were coming! Little Boy Blue would have the rip-roaringest birthday party ever.

Now Jerry made the final call of the evening, to Lakeville again, and told Mrs. Reynolds and Assistant Superintendent

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# NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ **BIG COUNTRY, THE**—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: The greatest parlor trick, western-wise since "Shane," as director William Wyler takes a very old story, adds Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, Burl Ives, Chuck Connors, acres of breathtaking scenery, technicolor—and emerges with a highly entertaining film. (F) September

✓✓ **BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA, THE**—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: John Wayne versus the Japanese—pictorially thrilling, historically interesting, dramatically insipid. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF**—M-G-M; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) October

✓✓✓ **CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE**—Trans-Lux: The case for natural childbirth—stated simply, movingly and in exceptional good taste. Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel. French; English titles. (A) November

✓✓✓ **DEFIANT ONES, THE**—U.A.: Tense and compelling saga of white and negro escaped convicts, shackled together, who grow from mutual hatred to respect and admiration for each other. Fine acting by Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ **HOUSEBOAT**—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the year's most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

✓✓✓ **IN LOVE AND WAR**—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of San Francisco with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter and Bradford Dillman as leathernecks on the loose. A three-star picture with a four-star performance by Dana Wynter. (A) December

✓✓✓ **MARDI GRAS**—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and a couple of hundred VMI cadets in a raffle—with Christine Carere as the prize. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ **MATCHMAKER, THE**—Paramount; VistaVision: Aply aided by Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Booth takes expert aim on another Oscar in the year's funniest film: a fast and furious game of romantic musical chairs. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ **OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE**—Warners; Warnercolor: Amid scenes of magnificent pictorial splendor, Spencer Tracey gives a powerfully low-keyed one man show in the year's most unusual film experience. (F) September

✓✓✓ **TUNNEL OF LOVE, THE**—M-G-M: How To Have A Baby, in several hilarious reels, with Doris Day, Richard Widmark, Gig Young, Elisabeth Fraser. Expert direction by Gene Kelly. (A) December

Jellinek that the party was definitely set for 5:30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 8th.

Then he and Gary had a glass of milk and went to sleep.

Back in New York, General Sarnoff was already at work. He authorized the expenditure of \$100,000 to transform Lakeville into a television relay station. Swarms of technicians were sent into the area and power lines were erected almost overnight.

Meanwhile, Henry Bosworth of the Herald went to the sanatorium and interviewed the medical staff, the patients, and Little Boy Blue. Then he went back to his office and wrote the story of the dying boy who just wanted a few birthday cards. And the article appeared in the paper.

The results were immediate and overwhelming. The wire services picked up the story and it appeared in newspapers all over the world.

Thousands of cards poured into Lakeville. A trainload of toys came from Germany.

Birthday cakes arrived by mail, by express, and were delivered by hand.

Letters flowed in—many of them containing money—so that a special trust fund had to be set up in Francis' name.

Francis was unaware of all the commotion. He just lay in bed and stared into space.

Out in Hollywood, Jerry Lewis had cleared his calendar. Twenty-four hours before the special telecast was to go on, he sat down with songwriter Sammy Cahn to write the songs, the parodies, the orchestral arrangements, and the special sketches. They worked through the night. Gary refused to go to bed. He brought them coffee and sandwiches. He copied over the routines. He helped in every way that he could.

At dawn, the last word was put on paper. Then Jerry and Sammy went through the whole show, playing all the parts, singing all the songs. Gary sat there, trying to think and feel and react like Little Boy Blue would think, feel, and react. At the end he was smiling and clapping. "Great," he said, "great. He'll love it." And he went over and hugged his father.

At 10 a.m. some of the most famous names in show business gathered on the TV sound stage. Jerry, who had just taken enough time out to shave and shower, stood before them. Gary sat sleepily in a corner.

"You all know why you're here, otherwise you wouldn't be here," Jerry said. "I just want to tell you that I thank you, Gary thanks you, and Little Boy Blue thanks you. End of speech. Let's go to work."

In Lakeville, Francis had found out he was going to have a party. Too much was going on to keep the secret. Cards were suspended on strings in the auditorium. Balloons hung from the walls. Huge TV sets were placed around the room. Mrs. Leo Gibbons, party supervisor, and her helpers, women from nearby Middleboro, set the punch, ice cream and fruit out on tables. Four huge birthday cakes were arranged against a floral design of bronze chrysanthemums and huckleberries. Volunteers were still working on the 147 mail sacks—literally two tons of mail, containing 200,000 cards and letters, and more than \$10,000 in cash.

Yes, Little Boy Blue had found out. Proudly he invited the other eighty children and the hospital staff to be his guests. When he was told about all the gifts, his eyes widened and he said, "Good. Now it can be everybody's birthday. Let's all share everything."

Four hundred GI's in Alaska sent 400 presents. And 400 more came from GI's in North Africa. Fifty smaller cakes and

enough toys for more than a hundred kids waited in the auditorium. Ted Williams sent an autographed baseball; a model jet plane and a jet pilot helmet were personally delivered by three Otis Air Force Base pilots; a football signed by the Boston College squad and a special record cut by Tennessee Ernie Ford—"For Francis from Old Ern"—were on one of the tables.

At three p.m. the eighty youngsters were wheeled in beds or chairs to the auditorium. The last to arrive was Francis. Mrs. Reynolds wheeled him through the rows of happy children while they sang, "Happy Birthday to You." He was excited, pink and shiny. Francis's first birthday party had begun.

Now came the rustle and rip of tearing boxes, then the squeals of delight followed. Suddenly it was like Christmas in October. The punch, ice cream and fruit came next. Around five the harried staff straggled in. By five-thirty, Francis X could hardly restrain his joy. He stared at the TV screen. Here, any minute, would be Jerry Lewis putting on a birthday show just for him. The lonely little boy who thought nobody loved him leaned forward eagerly in the wheel chair, his heart pounding. His gay pink party cap and Halloween half-mask were still in place.

Suddenly Jerry was on the screen dedicating the all-star show to "my one boy audience." Francis drew a sharp breath. It was true. As the show unfolded—directly to and for him, his excitement was almost too much to watch. For the first time in his nine years, he was really somebody, he really counted.

He grabbed the arms of his wheel chair tight with excitement and as Dinah Shore came on and sang "Davy Crockett," he clapped his hands and hugged them tight. For the next hour and a half the greats of show business sang directly, right off the TV screen, to a little boy who the day before didn't think he had a friend.

One by one they came out: Mary Costa, Eddie Cantor, Pinky Lee, the Mouseketeers, Eddie Fisher, Tennessee Ernie Ford, George Gobel, Jim Arness, Hugh O'Brian, Jerry Lewis and his son.

And when at the end, everyone joined in both on the screen and in the hospital with "Happy Birthday to You," Francis' pale little face was transformed with such a look of glowing happiness that, for an instant, Mrs. Reynolds was possessed of the wild hope that he would live, that this was not just the most memorable event of a too-short life.

As the image on the screen faded away, Francis X sat quite still. For the first time in his life he felt the fierce desire to live. To get well. Somebody cared.

This all happened more than a year ago, on October 8th, 1957.

Miraculously, as this is being written, Francis X is still alive. As Dr. Jellinek said, "Before the party, Francis couldn't respond, he didn't respond. And suddenly, he had the will to live."

This year Little Boy Blue had a very simple birthday. A few cards, some presents from people in the immediate vicinity of the sanatorium, and, of course, something from Jerry Lewis and his son Gary.

Nobody knows how many more birthdays there will be. They can but wait . . . and hope . . .

Yet for one magical afternoon, Little Boy Blue was like every other little boy in the world, only more so. He was remembered, he was loved. And that love has sustained him ever since, and God willing, will do so a little longer. THE END

WATCH FOR JERRY ON "THE JERRY LEWIS SHOW." WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10TH AT 9 P.M. E.S.T. ON NBC-TV. HE ALSO APPEARS IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE GEISHA BOY."



# TAFFY PULL

Continued from page 36

said that one reason he was sorry to see the Nagels go was because he kept thinking of what our phone bills will be like. We all laughed at this, but we still felt blue until our mother, whom everybody calls "Sis," thought of an idea to cheer us up.

She suggested we have two Christmas celebrations this year, one early enough so that we could do the same things with the Nagels that we've always done. It was a wonderful idea, because it doesn't matter what date the calendar says, it's never too early to be with people you love, and go carolling and have fun. Why, somehow it seems even more special having the Christmas spirit three weeks early.

Mommy suggested that we have a little party, too, and to add to the fun we all decided not to even let the Nagel sisters in on our plans. We couldn't wait to see their faces when they heard us serenading them from their front porch. Then mother came up with a pile of striped mufflers and wool stocking caps so it would look like Christmas when we went over to the Nagels to surprise them.

And were they ever surprised! Diane, Kathy, Peggy and I went down the street to the Nagels' old house just after sundown and DeeDee and I held the carol book open so that everyone could see, even though we knew the words by heart anyway. We sang "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" and after about four lines of it Little Bit, or Mary Elena, the Nagel sister who's closest to my age, peeped out of their front door. "See," she said, "I told you it wasn't just a loud record!" And then Mary Sharron, Mary Maureen and Mary Kathleen were crowding behind her. You should have seen their faces. When we finished the first carol, we all sang together, "Good King Wenceslas"—and they had to admit that even that is easier to say than Calabasas.

After that, they invited us into their house. I could hardly keep my face straight as I told them, "Nope, we have to get home."

"Why don't you come with us?" DeeDee said, trying to keep her voice very casual. They asked their mother, and Peck Nagel, who was in on the surprise with us, said okay. She said she and Mr. Nagel might stroll over a little later.

While we'd been gone, Mom had dug out some of our old Christmas decorations and hung them around the house. When the Nagels saw them, they were surprised again. "Aren't you a little early . . ." Sharri started to say. And then she and her sisters all looked as though they were going to say "Oh!" but they didn't make a sound. That was when they realized what we'd been planning and their eyes all got a little misty. Mom stepped in before anybody could get too weepy.

"Well, girls," she said, "I'm glad you're all here. And now, if you'll adjourn to the kitchen, I have loads of dishes you can help me with." We all pretended to groan, but the Nagels didn't seem to mind at all. They politely said they'd be glad to help with the dishes and we all marched off to the kitchen.

That was the best surprise of all. There was the sink, shining and not a dish in it. And next to the sink was a pile of bright Christmas aprons that Mom had laid out. On the cupboard closet was the recipe for taffy she'd tacked there. We all got very busy right away, setting out all the different ingredients. Then the doorbell rang and that was Mr. and Mrs. Nagel. Mom left, but first she said, "Now please, Janet dear, do be a little more careful *this* time."

Mom just can't seem to forget the time I tried making taffy with grandpa and grandma and I ended up spilling most of the pan down my nightgown and the rest of it all over everybody else. Well, all I can say is this time it wasn't me who spilled the noodle soup into the taffy pot. It was Kathy. —JANET LENNON

I'm Kathy, and I have to admit Janet's right. I did spill the noodle soup into the taffy, but it could have happened to anybody. Little Bit was perched on top of the kitchen cupboard, reading off the ingredients we'd need and the directions. I stepped on a chair to reach one of the top shelves in the grocery closet, but I was also busy gabbing with Kathy Nagel about the very special party she was going to the next night.

I was trying to describe my pink party dress, the one that goes with a petticoat that has a million ruffles. I was going to lend it to her, since all of her clothes were already packed for moving. And then . . . plopp! I knocked a package of noodle soup mix off the shelf and it landed right smack in the taffy pot.

Janet was stirring the mixture with a wooden spoon and she used that to fish out the molasses-soaked package. Every-

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body laughed, and nobody louder than Janet. Later on, though, she managed to have an accident, too. She brushed the back of her hand against the hot pot and was burned. It must have hurt terribly, but she was very brave about it. I got some butter and baking soda to put on the burn and then back she was at the pot, stirring away.

Maybe we had too many cooks, because Peggy was the only one of us Lennons to emerge without an accident, and the way "the Brain" was clowning, tasting and stirring after Janet got tired, she was really the most likely candidate. Everybody was talking at once, remembering all the good times we'd had together, like last Christmas when we were carolling in our neighborhood or the Christmas before when Daddy took all of us to sing for the patients at the sanitorium in Monrovia. And what with making plans to see each other again, and teasing DeeDee and Dick Gass, and with everybody wanting a lick of the mixing spoon, it was pretty confused.

So DeeDee said, "This is a perfect example of how *not* to have a taffy pull." And then she took a step backward and dipped her elbow right into the open can of molasses!

Maybe it just went to prove she was wrong. I think it was the perfect example of how to have a taffy pull.

—KATHY LENNON

It was like Christmas—it was so much fun. Taffy, in case you've never made any, is slow as molasses to cool and then set for pulling. So while we waited, Kathy made hot chocolate and we all sat around in the playroom. That's kind of my favorite room, because we made it all ourselves, out of what was once a garage. And while we waited, we made up a set of mock rules for taffy pullers. And let me be sure to warn you, in case you really haven't ever made taffy, these are don't's, not do's.

1. It really isn't necessary to follow the recipe to the nth degree. Go ahead and switch ingredients. If it says a cup of sugar, why aren't two cups better?

2. Have a radio or record player in the kitchen playing rock 'n' roll, so that you can beat with a beat.

3. Only three tastes to each participant. Except for the oldest one—that's DeeDee's contribution and, natch, she got top priority in scraping the pot.

4. Be sure to leave all dishes with molasses mixture in sink for at least two days. Then, instead of washing them, all you have to do is take a hammer and chip the hardened goo off.

5. Wear your best dress, preferably one with a billowy skirt and long sleeves.

6. Be sure to stop at a candy store the day before and buy lots of ready-made taffy—just in case.

After we'd made up the rules, we cut up Christmas paper and wrapped packages of the taffy Mom had made the day before for the hospitals. We also wrapped some of the popcorn balls that we'd made from the taffy mixture. After about half an hour, we went back to the kitchen to have a look at our work of art.

It was still too gooey, so we went back to the playroom for some community singing. Mom remembered that it was almost ten, past Janet's bedtime. It was really getting late for all of us, 'cause we had school the next day. But Janet, though she could barely keep from yawning, begged to be allowed to stay up. "We didn't even pull the taffy yet," she said.

The taffy! We all sort of shrieked together. We were so busy talking and singing we'd almost forgotten all about it. It was almost too hard to get out of the pan it had been cooling in, but somehow

we managed. "See, Mommy," Janet giggled, "you said not to let it drip all over me. Well, it's too hard now to drip, that's for sure!"

We made a tug of war out of the taffy pulling, the Nagels vs. the Lennons. Daddy and Mr. Nagel declared it was a tie. Then we cut the taffy into pieces and wrapped it. By that time it was quite late and the Nagels walked home. For a minute, I felt kind of sad, thinking that when the Nagels moved, we'd no longer be able to just walk down the street to see each other. But thirty miles isn't really so far. If we can't see each other quite so often, we'll simply have to stay longer at each visit.

—PEGGY LENNON

The part I liked best about our taffy pull was the singing. The Nagel sisters have really beautiful voices and they've already made a record for RCA Victor, "If You Don't Love Me" and "Goody, Goody Gumdrops." We sat around the playroom singing carols and hymns, popular songs and school songs. At one point, Maureen asked, "What shall we sing now?" Then she said, "Oh, I know, do you remember 'Ding, Dong, the Bells Are Ringing?'" Golly, we all learned that one together when we were in grammar school.

After a while, Daddy and Mr. Nagel came and stood in the door of the playroom and sang along with us. Their deep baritones were great for the harmony. But they hadn't been singing with us long when we remembered about the taffy. We got there just in time.

Janet and Elena scooped up some soft butter and spread it over their hands. Then Peggy, Kathy and I got behind Janet, and Sharri, Maureen and Kathy got behind Elena. The two leaders gathered the taffy into a ball and we started to pull. Daddy began to tease. "Why, when I was a boy," he said, "I remember pulling taffy and it was a much longer piece. Why, I was on one side of the room and my brothers were clear across on the other side. You girls are practically on top of each other."

Mom helped us wrap the taffy, and she was so pretty in her red maternity top that she almost looked like another sister. The twelfth Lennon, counting Mom and Daddy, is due at the end of January. The youngest till then is Joey, and he woke up crying as we were saying good night.

I ran upstairs and brought him down so the Nagels could see him—he's so pretty. "Dood nitie," he said. By that time, it was a contest as to who was sleepier, Joey or Janet. Kathy ran upstairs to get the dress she was lending Kathy Nagel and then Janet woke up for a minute. "We forgot to sing 'Silent Night,'" she said. And so all of us sang:

*"Si-lent Night, Ho-ly Night,  
All is calm, all is bright . . ."*



DeeDee with Maureen and Kathy Nagel.

I don't think any of us have ever sung better than we did just then.

—DIANNE LENNON

Well, I guess my girls have told you just about everything. There's nothing much I can add—except, that is, my recipes for taffy and chocolate popcorn balls.

—"SIS" LENNON

## MOLASSES TAFFY—LENNON-STYLE

Time to prepare: 1 hour

Makes approximately: 30 pieces

½ cup granulated sugar

½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed

1 cup molasses

6 tablespoons water

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

1/16 teaspoon baking soda

⅛ teaspoon salt

Rub a shallow pan with butter or margarine. Mix granulated and brown sugars with molasses and water in a sauce pan. Bring to a boil and cook, stirring often to prevent burning. Cook until a little of the mixture dropped in cold water forms a hard ball (270°F). Remove from heat, add butter or margarine, salt and soda. Stir just enough for all the ingredients to be mixed together. Pour into the pan and let stand until cool enough to handle. As edges cool, fold them toward the center or they will harden before the center cools—but do not mix. Now comes the fun!

Butter the fingers and fold or gather the taffy into a ball. Keep pulling the candy, folding it over upon itself and stretching it until it is firm and its color has lightened. Then stretch taffy out into a long rope, twist halfway, lay it on wax paper and cut with scissors into 1-inch lengths. To keep your scissors from sticking, dip them frequently into hot water. Recipe makes about a pound.

## LENNON . . . CORN BALLS (Chocolate Popcorn balls, that is)

This recipe is enough for 1 dozen popcorn balls.

\*\*6 cups popped corn

1 cup sugar

½ cup corn syrup

1 square (1 ounce) unsweetened chocolate (or cocoa)

½ cup water

Put sugar, syrup, chocolate and water into saucepan. Let simmer until a few drops form a hard ball in cold water (265°F). Pour this mixture over the popcorn, mix thoroughly. Gather corn together to shape individual balls, a palmful for each ball.

\*\*Since we'd already made molasses mixture for taffy, we just added chocolate to taffy mixture and, following directions above, put taffy mixture (about 1½ cups) plus water, plus chocolate into sauce pan and then followed the above directions for the rest of it. If you do what we did, naturally cooking time of mixture will be less than if you start out making balls from scratch—'cause your taffy mixture will already have come to a boil.

Let us know how *your* taffy pull turned out.

—DAD LENNON.

BE SURE TO SEE THE LENNON SISTERS ON "THE PLYMOUTH SHOW" STARRING LAWRENCE WELK, WEDNESDAY AT 7:30 E.S.T. ON ABC-TV AND RADIO AND ON "LAWRENCE WE K'S DODGE DANCING PARTY," SAT., ABC-TV, 9 P.M. E.S.T.



*Sara Hamilton's*

# INSIDE STUFF

They're saying over canapes that **Vic Damone** is visiting a psychiatrist. If the sessions are fruitful, and **Pier Angeli** hopes so, they may both be able to stop visiting divorce lawyers. . . . After a misunderstanding in Paris, **John Saxon** is back to dating **Viki Thal**. . . **Kim Novak** claims she's on the lookout for someone to take her out, be her beau, keep her company, etc. . . . Friends felt **Dolores Hart** might have enjoyed "bachelor girling" it for a change while in New York for "The Pleasure of His Company," but her mother trailed after Dolores. . . . Since he's become director of the weekly shows at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, **Russ Tamblyn** is a happier GI. . . . The **Jeff Richards'** reconciliation failed, but at least they tried.

Sight of the month: **Diane Varsi** buzzing around town in **Tab Hunter's** pick-up truck, after a friend borrowed Diane's car and smashed it flat. . . . I stick my neck out and predict **Susan Hayward's** next visit to Hollywood will be Academy Award night, with Susan winning an Oscar for U.A.'s "I Want To Live." . . . Content that daughter Cheryl will be happy with her grandmother, **Lana Turner** goes to Europe for a long two-picture stay. . . . It happened at Dino's on the Strip, where a twice-a-week sight is the entire **Dean Martin** clan—part-owner Dean, Jean, the seven children and a nurse for the youngest—dining together. A waiter sidled up to **Bob Wagner**, coughed apologetically,

then asked to see proof of his date's age. "I hardly think she's old enough . . ." he began, when Bob let out a whoop of laughter. "She happens to be my wife," Bob explained, "Mrs. Cleopatra herself." And then **Natalie Wood** got her glass of champagne. . . . Did you know **Mitzi Gaynor** used to be a chubby? . . . Next time you're at the beauty parlor, start envying **May Britt**, who's so pretty in spite—or because?—of her straight hair.

In a layer-cake house atop its own mountain, a little like Bali Hai rising in the midst of a California evening, architect **Hal Hayes** gave a birthday party for **Cobina Wright**. Stars, socialites and movie moguls mingled on each of the house's six floors, amid the music, the color, the beauty of the decorations. **Bob Cummings** and his wife Mary hailed us on the second level and together we climbed the outside wrought-iron steps that were almost lost in the abundant shrubbery. We stopped to chat with **Jeanne Crain** and **Paul Brinkman**. "I'm happier now than I've ever been in my life," Jeanne confided, "and, Sara, you've known me a long time. I'm taking this period in my life to enjoy my five children and my home. My screen career now comes second." And husband Paul just looked on and beamed. . . . "Hi!" a familiar voice greeted us from the fourth tier, and **Red Skelton** and his Georgia, seldom seen at parties, gave out with happy (*Continued*)



*Bob Cummings and his wife Mary joined me at a fabulous party that could only have happened in a dream—or in Hollywood.*



# INSIDE STUFF

*continued*



*It's always great fun running into Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.*



*Zsa Zsa Gabor swirled about in yards of red net at the big Hal Hayes party.*



*What do you bet Dinah Shore's telling Jack Benny about husband George's TV show?*

smiles. Under the canopy roof of the very top level, **Judy Garland** and **Sid Luft** joined our table overlooking the dance floor and the whirling figures of **Ginger Rogers**, **Rhonda Fleming**, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** in yards of red net, **Cesar Romero** with handsome **Agnes Morehead**.

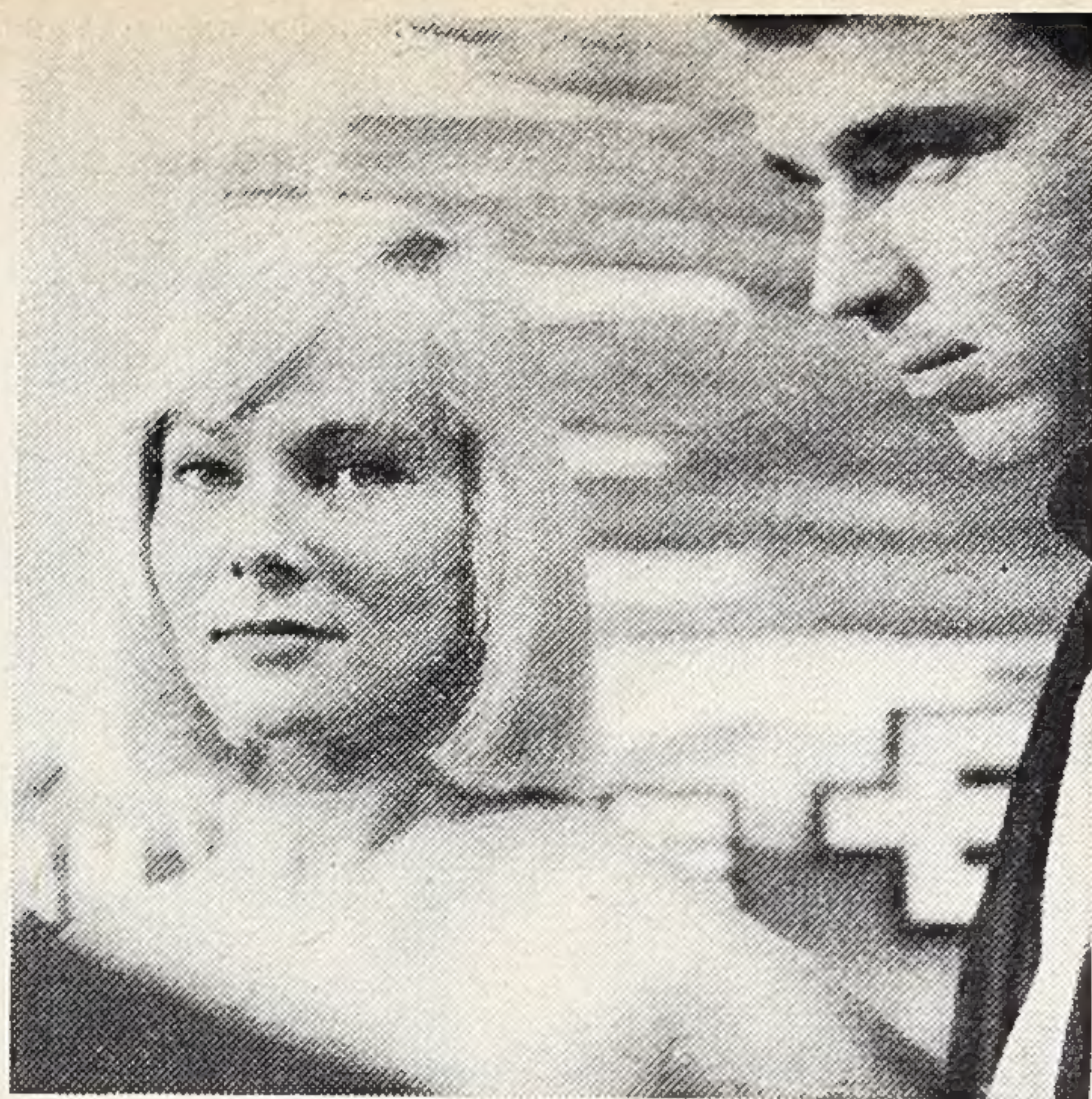
**Dave Nelson**, 22, feels the warm breath of the draft board down his neck, but brother **Rick**, 18, is counting on four more years before Uncle Sam wants him and his guitar. . . . **Dinah Shore** and **Jack Benny** are good friends but it was another comedian, **Eddie Cantor**, who gave Dinah her big break. . . . After their silent and not-so-silent battles during the making of "The Devil's Disciple," London dubbed **Burt Lancaster**, **Kirk Douglas** and **Laurence Olivier** "The Three Egos." . . . I'll

go out on a limb to say that, no matter what happens in between, **Eddie Fisher** may one day return to **Debbie Reynolds**. Such things have happened before, you know.

**Deborah**, the Woman: She emerged from a scene in M-G-M's "The Blessing," her hand outstretched in greeting. "It's so good to see you again, Sara." The sincere appeal of **Deborah Kerr**, I decided, rests in the fact she's a woman before being an actress, a human being in touch with the emotions of others. I admired the forest-green wool suit she wore in the scene, a straight, short, boxy jacket over a slim skirt. "And have you noticed my new figure?" she asked, whirling about for inspection. Then as we posed, Deborah remarked out of a clear blue sky, "Why you and I have eyes exactly alike. I never noticed that before."



*Sweden's May Britt  
tours the town with  
husband Ed Gregson.*



*Jack Bean has his wife Mitzi Gaynor eating out of his hand.*



*Bob Wagner calls her "Cleopatra" since  
they told Natalie Wood she was too young.*

Flattered? I was knocked edgeways. . . . "I've never felt such love as I have since I returned to Hollywood," she confided. "I feel it everywhere and I'm so grateful." Rumor had her husband **Tony Bartley** coming to Hollywood to effect a reconciliation. Of this Deborah said not a word. But she had seen her two little children before leaving England. "They are quite efficient, you know. And adjusted to their environment," added the fair-minded Deborah, "they'll get along very well."

The Weeping Deb: When **Tab Hunter** arrived to take **Tuesday Weld** to the Deb Ball, he found her in tears. "I can't go in this," she wept. "I just can't."

Late that afternoon, the dress Tuesday and her mother had planned so carefully had arrived from the dress maker's

—ruined. The only alternative for Tuesday, chosen as one of the thirteen most promising starlets of the year, was the short white Chinese sheath, a \$14.95 number, that had hung in the closet unworn. . . . "You look wonderful," Tab assured her, "you'll be the prettiest girl there." And with Tab's encouragement, Tuesday, plain, simple and unadorned, in the only short frock among the long bouffant gowns, looked exactly as Tab predicted—just wonderful.

**Sal Mineo** has a realtor scouting him a home in Hollywood and that has the town wondering what Sal's mother thinks about her son going it alone. If he does, that is. . . . **Audie Murphy** built a landing strip on his 850-acre ranch out in the Valley, but Mrs. Murphy, a former airline hostess, refuses to have any part of his flying hobby. (Continued)



# INSIDE STUFF

*continued*



*Carolyn Jones and her husband Aaron are a beaming pair.*



*Dwayne Hickman joined Carol Lynley at Deb Star Ball.*



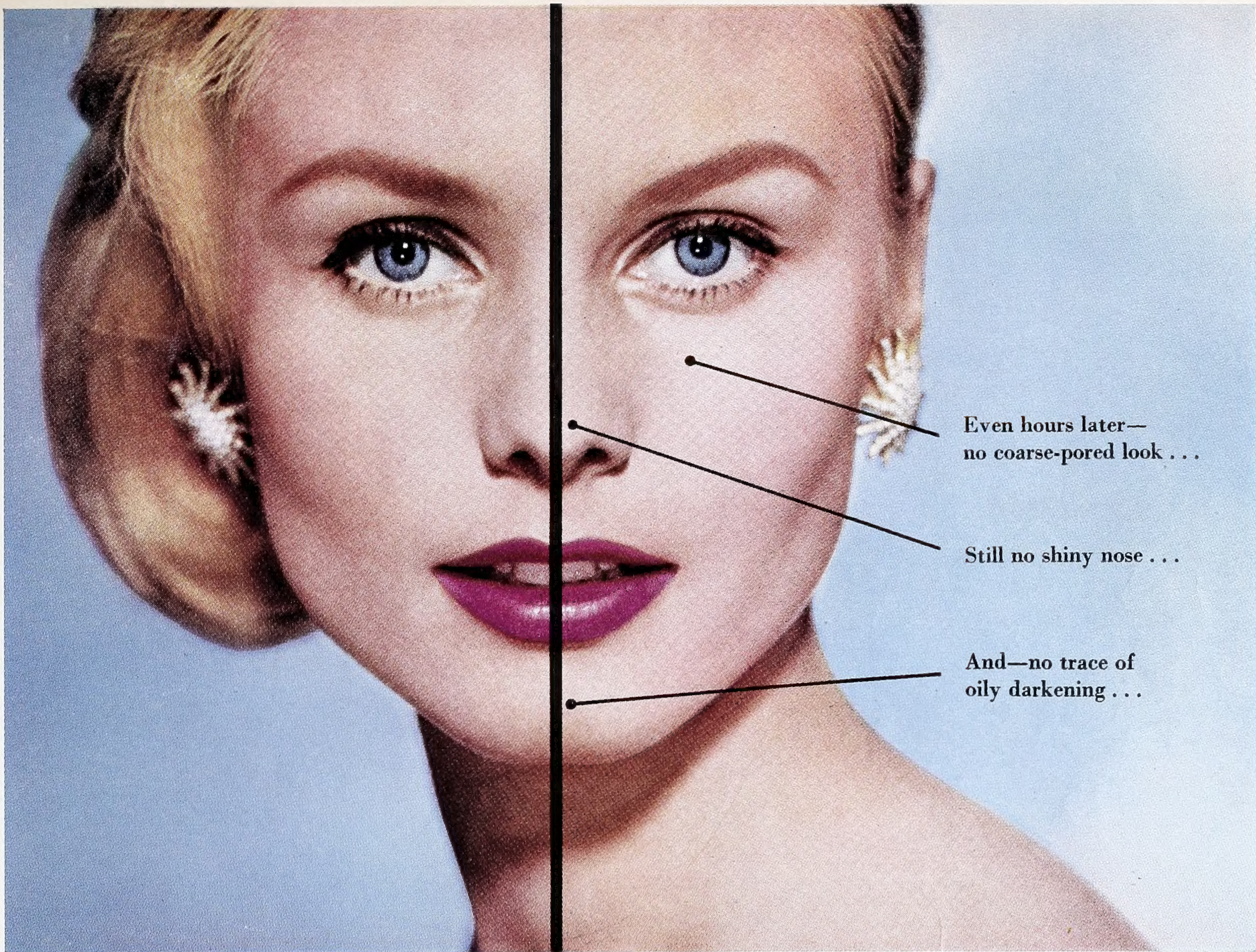
*Deb Tuesday Weld wept till Tab arrived.*

... **Lance Reventlow** may introduce **Jill St. John** to his mother at Christmastime in New York. ... **Gene Tierney's** first film in four years will be Ibsen's "The Doll's House." ... **James Darren** and wife **Gloria** have called it quits. ... **Carolyn Jones** and **Aaron Spelling** never looked happier than they did at the new Whispering Waters hotel in Palm Springs, which she owns along with **Hugh O'Brian**, **Lloyd Bridges** and **Dennis Weaver**.

Bundles From Heaven: Rumors flew as high as the stork itself but now they seem to be true. The nursery that **Marilyn Monroe** and **Arthur Miller** built may have an occupant this spring. ... It was a baby girl for **Hope Lange** and **Don Murray**. ... **John Wayne** paced hospital corridors with son-in-law **Don LaCava** when his first grandchild, Anita Maria, was born. Big John doesn't mind being a grandfather one bit. "I'm still an actor, aren't I?" he asks. He sure are. ... **Art Linkletter** claims that, in a few years, he'll be able to write another book, "Grandchildren Say the Darnedest Things." ... **Shirley Jones'** and **Jack Cassidy's** son Shaun Paul arrived sporting enough hair to keep **Bing Crosby** in toupees for life. As for **Nanette Fabray's** and **Ronald MacDougall's** son Jaime Lorne, he very casually draped his feet over the hospital crib—he's that **Gary Cooper**-tall. ... I vote for **Janet Leigh** as the year's best-dressed mother-to-be. ... The **Don Defores'** fifth child arrives this spring.

**Cal York's Jottings:** They say **Rock Hudson's** become a hula hoop champ, but that's not as surprising as the usually prim **Ann Blyth** demonstrating her hoop-de-do for minutes on end at a recent party. ... Rumor has it **Tuesday Weld** is older than she's owning up to. ... The **Jerry Lewises** are hosting **Liz Taylor** quite often these days, kids and all. Says Liz of **Mike Todd**: "I don't want anything to destroy that memory." ... **Eddie Fisher** quietly moved into an apartment. ... **Tommy Sands** is opening a rock 'n' roll school in Hollywood. ... **June Allyson** is taking bongo drum lessons from **Carolyn Jones**. ... **Tina Louise** is learning all about celestial navigation, aboard **Fess Parker's** racing sloop. ... The **Barry Sullivans** may give their marriage a try after all. ... **Monty Clift** denies he's beat, angry or anything else. "I concentrate on what I am doing," says he. "I find it easier to work that way. To some this makes it seem as if I were taciturn or introspective. I am quiet when I work because I have nothing to say at that moment except the lines I'm supposed to say." ... Paintings signed "Smylla," are the work of **Vanessa Brown**. ... **Sophia Loren** claims the best kind of man for a woman is an intellectual, "because he has interests which involve him fully, leaving you plenty of time for dressing and doing your hair." ... **James MacArthur** chose November 2 to wed **Joyce Bulifant** in New York. ... **Nina Foch** ended her marriage to **James Lipton** but she and **Bob Horton** have no announcement to make. In fact, half of the time these two are not even speaking. The other half, they're madly in love.





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